TODAY IN NORTH VIETNAM BY GEORGE FRIEDMAN

THE
# NATION

DECEMBER 10, 1973 50 cents

Policing Latin America — Michael T. Klare

Seles

## The Reality Behind State of Siege

### IMPEACHMENT–OR ELSE
## The Future of the Presidency — Robbins Burling

Public Welfare Systems
THE HIGH COST OF INEQUALITY
Rep. Martha W. Griffiths

## George Mayberry: At the [illegible]

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# LETTERS

## Miami plot

*Cambridge, Mass.*

DEAR SIRS: There is a crucial error in Fred J. Cook's "Justice in Gainesville: The Real Conspiracy Exposed" [*The Nation*, Oct. 1]: Lemmer warned me against attending the *Democratic* convention, not the Republican, and the reason he gave was that the VVAW leaders would be rounded up and taken out of the country and held during the Democratic convention, so that Lemmer and other people working for the FBI could go to the Democratic convention disguised as VVAW and shoot the leaders of the convention, thereby breaking up the anti-war movement and the Democratic Party. . . .

*Barbara Stocking*

*Interlaken, N.J.*

DEAR SIRS: I fail to see any "crucial error" as Barbara Stocking does in my account of the trial of the Gainesville Eight. The charge against them was one of plotting to disrupt the Republican National Convention, and I think the article made clear the fact that they were picked up before the Democratic convention and that William Lemmer, the FBI informer, had said the object was to take all VVAW leaders out of circulation. The fact that he had warned Miss Stocking against attending the Democratic rather than the Republican convention, as I had reported, is hardly crucial.

Miss Stocking's letter, when it goes on to describe what she says Lemmer told her about a plot to assassinate certain leaders at the Democratic convention, goes, of course, far beyond anything that appears on any record I could use. It was never tested in court because the defense called no witnesses and decided to let the government's case fall of its own weight, which it so dramatically did.

*Fred J. Cook*

## virtue of necessity

*Lincoln, Neb.*

DEAR SIRS: In my opinion *The Nation* is the best magazine I have ever read. The fact that after 100 years of publication you still use cheap paper and very few advertisements is just great.

*Daryl Anderst*

## drill we must

*Washington, D.C.*

DEAR SIRS: Peter J. Bernstein's article, "Atlantic Offshore Oil: Preparing to Take the Plunge" [*The Nation*, Sept. 10] contains several errors and misinterpretations.

(*1*) If the field price of natural gas (which comprises only 17 per cent of the consumer's natural gas bill) not under contract were to rise to an assumed level of 55¢ per 1,000 cubic feet, a recent research study indicates that the cost to the average householder would increase by only 5 per cent, beginning next January 1. And, by 1980, the price increases would amount to less than $3 per month, based on the present average household bill—a small price to pay to help bring forth badly needed supplies of new natural gas.

(*2*) The U.S. Geological Survey estimates that there are up to 1,100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas and up to 190 billion barrels of crude oil under our Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf of Mexico Outer Continental Shelf recoverable under today's technology and economics. That's nearly twice the amount of crude oil and more than double the amount of natural gas produced in the United States between 1920 and 1972. Moreover, more than 17,000 oil and gas wells have already been drilled in U.S. waters. And of the few accidents that have occurred none—not even that at Santa Barbara in 1969—has shown evidence of permanent ecological damage—according to several independent scientific studies.

*(Continued on page 628)*

# EDITORIALS

## 'Many Questions Remain'

Launched hurriedly as a tactic of desperation, Operation Candor has notably failed of its prime objective, which was to silence the growing demand for impeachment. After two weeks of intensive campaigning in the South and lobbying in Washington, the President has failed to clarify the uncertainties, conflicts and confusions in his prior reports on the Watergate scandals, nor has he voluntarily added to the sum of popular understanding of what happened. Such disclosures as he has made have been forced from him. A Republican Congressman is quoted by *Newsweek* as saying "the patient in Operation Candor is hemorrhaging badly"; that about sums it up.

There is, first of all, the matter of the eighteen-minute gap in the tape of the June 20th meeting. In Memphis, the President had rather formally and solemnly assured the dwindling collective of Republican governors that if there were any more "bombshells" he did not know of them. But we know now that the President knew on October 1 that the eighteen-minute gap existed. He failed to disclose the fact until November 21. Moreover, Rose Mary Woods, his secretary, failed to advise Judge Sirica of the "gap" when she testified before him on November 8.

The belated and involuntary disclosure of the gap is of major importance on three counts. First, since the tape contained a conversation with Haldeman three days after the break-in, the inference is irresistible, as Mr. Cox noted, that it had something to do with the break-in—perhaps the most disastrous and certainly the most important burglary in American history. Second, the President's attempted explanation for the delay in reporting the gap—the uncertainty of his advisers as to which tapes had been subpoenaed—must be dismissed as shysterism of the familiar Nixon variety. Third, it is most difficult to believe Miss Woods's story. Indeed the inference is almost irresistible that an eighteen-minute portion of the tape was erased, and not by inadvertence.

As might be expected, some of the Republican governors are vastly annoyed and feel that the President—who is also the leader of their party—failed to level with them. So the President has failed to reassure a special constituency whose support he badly needs; on the contrary, he has forfeited much of whatever allegiance he had reason to expect from the Republican governors.

Or consider the $100,000 gift from the Howard Hughes interests which Bebe Rebozo kept for three years and then, when various federal agencies began to show interest in the matter, decided to return. As the President tells it, Mr. Rebozo showed good judgment in returning the money and in having the FBI check to see that the bills he returned were those that had been originally delivered to him. The cash, the President assured us, was "turned back in exactly the same form it was received." But now we know that the Miami agent of the bureau, as a personal favor to his friend Rebozo, examined the 1,001 hundred-dollar bills, but did not report so doing to his superiors in Washington. The bills, he is quoted as saying, were not new nor were they consecutively num-



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bered; therefore he could not determine that they were the bills that a Hughes aide had passed to Mr. Rebozo.

By the President's account, it was the gift of his Vice Presidential papers to Archives that enabled him to pay merely nominal income taxes in 1970 and 1971. But we now know that some White House lawyers knew, more than a year ago, that the gift might be illegal. To have been legal, the gift should have been completed by July 25, 1969, which was the cutoff date for gifts of such papers under the Tax Reform Act of 1969. There is reason to believe that the gift was not in fact completed until ten months later, and a serious question has been raised that, even had the gift been legal, it would not of itself have accounted for the nominal taxes the President paid in 1970 and 1971. So here too the old questions remain and some new ones have been raised.

Even worse, the President, having placed himself in the position of being forced to promise that his tax returns would be made available, then reneged by saying that only "tax data" would be released. It should be obvious even to him that nothing short of the release of copies of his returns for the years in question will satisfy the enormous curiosity about them which his endless equivocations have done so much to stimulate.

Several excellent analyses have now been made of what happened at the time of the October alert. When they indicate, as David Binder points out in *The New York Times*, is that "the action was downstairs" in the White House, "while the President was upstairs." The actual decision was made, essentially, by Secretary Kissinger and Defense Secretary Schlesinger, who remained in consultation by telephone with the President during the evening. But the famous hot line was not used and it would appear that the crisis was not nearly as grave as it was later made out to be. In fact it was not until Mr. Kissinger heard the television news the next morning that he realized, to his astonishment, that he had been engaged in an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with the Soviets. "From all this," writes Mr. Binder, "it seems clear there was no actual crisis, but a potential crisis. That is why the President stayed upstairs and that is why the hot line was not used. Only after the news of the alert was broadcast, did Nixon decide to dramatize it as a crucial personal face-off against the Russians." Now that is almost exactly what a majority of the President's critics assumed had happened and so stated. They were, of course, sharply rebuked for having said as much. At the time, Mr. Kissinger promised to supply at a later date a full disclosure of what had happened, a pledge which he now regrets having made, since he has decided that such disclosure would not be in the public interest. So once again the President has confirmed the suspicions which it was his intention to allay.

Such has been the pattern of Mr. Nixon's various exercises in "full disclosure," in "coming clean," in "telling all." He has promised much, but has failed to deliver what he has promised. He has continued to do his best to cover up, not disclose; the new disclosures, such as they are, have been made under pressure. Sen. Charles Mathias has said that only "massive, complete, total disclosure" will shore up the President's plummeting credibility. But the President's Operation Candor has been

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neither massive, total nor complete. What he has succeeded in doing has been to convince the public that the only way it will learn the truth, if it ever does, will be through an impeachment proceeding.

## The Skipper

In an address delivered without notes to the 200 delegates attending the convention of the Seafarers' International Union in Washington, President Nixon apparently did everything short of donning oilskins and crying "thar she blows" to suggest his affinity with the vasty deep. In a "rambling, gesture-filled speech"—*The New York Times*—he made use of nautical metaphors and gestures, "grasping at an imaginary ship's wheel and pantomiming a seasick sailor." It is, he said, "the captain's job to bring that ship into port, and I assure you that you don't need to worry about my getting seasick or jumping ship."

Paul Hall, president of the Seafarers, is one of the President's few friends in the American labor movement. Hall was the one member of the thirty-five-man AFL-CIO executive council who voted against a Meany-sponsored resolution demanding the President's impeachment. The President likes to reward his friends as well as punish his enemies. He has sponsored record government subsidies to the maritime industry of $1 billion or more and, in 1970, the Department of Justice under John Mitchell permitted an indictment of Hall and seven other Seafarers' Union officials for violating the Corrupt Practices Act to be dismissed for lack of vigorous prosecution.

Of course, the Seafarers kicked in $100,000 for Senafor Humphrey's 1968 campaign after President Johnson rejected a Canadian attempt to extradite Hal Banks, a high Seafarers official. Even so, Nixon should be embarrassed by the $100,000 gift which the union made to his 1972 campaign. On the same day that the gift was made, the union borrowed $100,000 from the Chemical Bank of New York; it is a coincidence that suggests the money for Nixon had not been raised by voluntary contributions from the membership. The contribution should have been reported within forty-eight hours of its receipt; it was not so reported for three months.

Nixon and Hall are "mates" for much the same reason that Nixon and Frank Fitzsimmons of the Teamsters are pals. Both union officials stand in chronic need of respectability by association at high official levels. It is not so much that they expect Presidential or executive favors in exchange for campaign contributions—although that is an ingredient in the relationship—as that they need a public image as "labor statesmen," even if they must pay a fancy price to get it. Fitzsimmons is supposed to have sought Nixon's favor as a means of keeping Hoffa at arm's length, but that is not the prime reason for his flourishing friendship with the President. The Teamsters are currently most anxious to divert public attention from some of their ties with figures in the murky world of organized crime.

Ironically, by playing Paul Hall's game with such corny visibility, the President has probably precipitated still another Watergate scandal, for the 1972 contribution from the Seafarers invites investigation.

## Historic Moment

The Senate's confirmation of Gerald Ford by a vote of 92 to 3 was a "historic moment"; it was also absurd. This was the first time the Senate, acting under the 25th Amendment, had passed on a Vice Presidential nominee. In that sense, the occasion was historic, but as political drama it was slapstick. There had been virtually no debate. The chamber was nearly empty as a few laggard Senators made "little speeches" for the record. Nor was there any tension when the bells in the cloakrooms summoned the Senators back to vote. Comments on the vote approached the clownish: Senator Curtis was "exhilarated"; Senator Javits professed himself "inspired." The House will no doubt voice its approval soon, with perhaps a few more nays than were recorded in the Senate.

Seldom has the record of a nominee for any national office been more minutely examined, but the guiding purpose of the investigation seemed to be to demonstrate that there was nothing scandalous in the nominee's past. Since he proved to be "clean as a hound's tooth," he was presumed to be qualified to be Vice President and, if the need should arise, President. There are several reasons for this exercise in negative sleuthing. Watergate has created a heightened sensitivity to "scandals" of any kind; Ford is a popular member of the Congressional club; his colleagues and friends in both houses, well aware that he lacks the qualities of intellect and leadership desirable in a President, seemed to feel it was their personal and Congressional obligation to conceal these shortcomings by praising Ford's honesty and character. He had promised not to be a candidate in 1976 and there was little reason to expect that Nixon would name a better nominee should this one be rejected. Then, too, the Democrats argued, *sotto voce*, that it would be difficult to proceed with impeachment unless *someone* occupied the office of Vice President.

So while the investigation was "the most thorough ever made of any nominee for political office" (Sen. Howard W. Cannon), it was probably also the most irrelevant. Probity is of course indispensable in an applicant for the Vice Presidency, but so is it in a prospective toll-booth attendant. The dominant Senate view seemed to be that, if Ford's record was "clean," he must be confirmed because the President had named him. But that ostrichlike standard mocks the clear purpose of the 25th Amendment, which was to give Congress an affirmative role in the approval of the nominee and not merely the power to veto someone who had been involved in a messy divorce action or arrested for drunken driving. The Senate took the easy way out and, by doing so, made itself a party to the President's cunning politics. Sen. William D. Hathaway made the quite sensible point that it was improper to let a President under threat of impeachment name his own successor. Sen. Thomas Eagleton, once briefly a nominee for the office, doubted that Mr. Ford could provide "imaginative, creative or inspirational leadership," a sound proposition which would have carried more weight if it had been advanced by any other member of the Senate. Sen. Gaylord Nelson, to his credit, stated the issue which his colleagues refused to face: "We are, after all, electing a potential President. I don't believe



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that he [Ford] can provide the kind of leadership that this nation desperately needs."

The President will regard Ford's confirmation as some assurance against impeachment, on the peculiar theory that the people prefer a leader who has neither character nor charisma to one who at least has character. It is indeed an unhappy option, but if the choice were ours we would oust the President and take a chance on Ford. For this abject resolution of a truly "historic moment," one can thank the "pitiful, helpless giant" of Capitol Hill.

## The War Goes On

We were promised peace (with honor, what's more) in Southeast Asia, but there is no peace. After eighteen months as *The Washington Post*'s correspondent in Vietnam, Thomas W. Lippman reports that almost 200 men are dying each day in combat or as accidental casualties. Since the signing of the Paris agreement last January, by official statistics some 50,000 soldiers on both sides have died—more than the number of Americans killed in action in the entire war. Lippman adds that 21,000 South Vietnamese soldiers, the equivalent of two full-strength divisions, are in hospitals recovering from wounds.

The Paris agreement ended the acknowledged phase of the war and changed the ground rules, so that the war continues in reality but is now ignored in the United States. Since Americans are not being killed, it is no longer any concern of the average American, who now has other things to worry about—the energy crisis, Watergate and a possible depression next year. If he thinks about the war at all, he is soothed by the fact that the Paris agreement provided for negotiations between the belligerents. They are, in fact, going through the motions, but with no expectation on either side that anything will be settled.

The underlying difficulty is that neither side won and neither lost. Each is trying to strengthen its position for a possible future showdown. This may come through a renewed North Vietnamese offensive. The "other side" may indeed be tempted by the fuel shortage in the United States, the unstable Middle East situation, White House scandals, etc., to step up their nibbling and sapping process. Or the South Vietnamese Government, which did not topple when American troops were withdrawn and air support was left to the South Vietnamese, may step up its continued offensive against the Vietcong and their North Vietnamese allies. In either case American intervention is not precluded—intervention, that is, beyond the aid in paramilitary personnel, arms, munitions and fuel now being furnished to South Vietnam.

There have been of late renewed reports of a North Vietnamese buildup which might foreshadow renewed large-scale offensive action in the South. Col. Le Nguyen Vy, commander of the South Vietnamese Fifth Infantry Division, told James F. Clarity of *The New York Times* (November 22) that if the Communists staged a major offensive, the Saigon government's forces would need arms, fuel and both tactical and strategic air support. "We do not think you will send troops," he added. The implication was that it would be nice if we did, but Colonel Vy seemed to realize that it was unlikely American largesse would go that far. But one can't quite be sure, in view of the fact that Air Force Gen. John Vogt recently warned that North Vietnam might again be bombed in the event of Communist "aggression."

Sen. Frank Church took prompt notice of the General's statement by pointing out that the Case-Church amendment, passed by the House and Senate on June 30, precludes American military action on the ground, in the skies or from the sea, without the express authorization of Congress. Repeal of the Gulf of Tonkin resolution offers further proof of the intention of Congress when it adopted the Case-Church amendment. But SEATO remains. Several Congresses permitted Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and Nixon to use SEATO as justification for American intervention, and it could be invoked again, if the President should elect to regard North Vietnamese action as "outside aggression" rather than internal subversion; hence General Vogt's stress on "aggression." Senator Church has offered a timely warning.

But with or without renewed American intervention, the war goes on in Vietnam. If it heats up, as well it may, it will impose an extraordinary burden on American resources, including an inordinate drain on military oil and gas reserves. No doubt Secretary of State Kissinger sought to ward off a resumption of large-scale fighting in Vietnam by his recent visit to Peking. Perhaps the Chinese and the Russians will be tactful and restrain the North Vietnamese from initiating a major offensive. But again, the real problem is that the war will go on, that negotiations are stalemated and that, sooner or later, unless a settlement is reached, American decision makers will be confronted with a new crisis in Southeast Asia. Press, public and politicians are inviting ever bigger trouble the longer they continue to forget about the war.

## Oregon's 'Bottle Bill'

*Portland*

A year ago, despite intense opposition from brewers, can manufacturers and bottlers, Oregon's "bottle bill," fought for by a grass-roots coalition of conservationists, became law. It is the first of its kind ever passed. The bill, aimed to wipe out litter on the state's highways, forbids the use of nonreturnable bottles and requires payment for bottles and cans that are returned. The pull-tab can, the biggest litter item, was completely prohibited.

Although the industry expressed doubt that it could survive and predicted that the litter would be worse than before, results suggest the contrary. The industry appears as healthy as ever and the highways have ceased to be junk piles.

Kessler Cannon, state coordinator for natural resources, said of the bill: "It has practically eliminated litter of this type on roadways, in parks and on forest trails. For those who still throw containers out—and there are darned few any more—there's someone right behind them picking them up for the deposit. Consumers have made a success of the bill."

William Moore, head of the Oregon Liquor Control Commission's enforcement division, which sees that the law is obeyed, is optimistic about the future: "I feel the law is here to stay and will be going into other states



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and even other countries." Every state except Alaska has approached him for information on the "bottle bill" and he has been visited by many state and local government officials. Legislation similar to the Oregon bill has been introduced in thirty-nine state legislatures. The measure has been passed by several Canadian provinces.

Industry is now appealing to the state Appeals Court a circuit court decision that upholds the law. But the people, with the full support of Gov. Tom McCall, aren't budging an inch. Oregon's roadsides haven't been as clean since the first wagon trains rolled into the territory.

RALPH FRIEDMAN

## Christmas Is Coming

The Yuletide is not solely a season of rejoicing and merriment. Long since, of course, it lost almost all of its religious significance and became a saturnalia of merchandising. In the eyes of retailers, department stores, discount houses, etc., if each Christmas season does not exceed by 10 per cent the sales volume of the preceding one, the country is going to the dogs.

A particular affliction also attaches to the holiday season on the selling end. "Inventory losses" go up as well as sales; retail thievery, that is, reaches a peak. The trade associations of department stores and discount houses try to offset this attrition by press releases and inspired stories depicting the magnitude of shoplifting and the countermeasures they are taking. This year there is less emphasis on thievery by outsiders and more on employee theft, which in fact involves much higher losses. The National Retail Merchants Association, which represents many department and specialty stores, estimates that 60 per cent of the merchandising losses suffered by their members come from inside stealing. The Mass Retailing Institute, the trade association for some 1,200 discount houses, expects the loss to be about $850 million in merchandise this year. According to the same source, American families are paying a "hidden tax" of $150 per family annually in higher prices to offset merchandise losses.

In general, thefts run at between 2 and 3 per cent of sales. The department stores manage to keep losses down to about 2 per cent, but last year the discount stores suffered to the extent of 2.78 per cent. There are more shoplifters than employee thieves, but the latter are in a position to grab more valuable loot. The discount houses report that last year 148,525 shoplifters were arrested, as compared with only 3,000 arrests among 91,000 employees. This year the discounters threaten 900,000 arrests for shoplifting and 18,000 arrests of employees. Such an enormous increase—they propose to arrest about one in five employees—seems to contain an element of press agentry.

Store merchandise thievery, whether by employees or nonpaying customers is, of course, only a small proportion of white-collar crime. The *Los Angeles Times* (November 17) quotes Nathaniel E. Kossack, a veteran in combating white-collar crime, in an address to prosecutors from fifteen cities. Sales of worthless land and housing frauds are perennials in this field, together with bribery, corruption, flotations of stock in enterprises headed for bankruptcy, etc. Food stamp and welfare frauds are a favorite of right-wing politicians and their followers, but embezzlement and thefts and resale of bonds must have far greater financial impact.

Mr. Kossack makes an interesting remark in this connection. "The money taken in robbery, theft and burglary," he says, "is only pocket change when compared to the losses to white-collar crime." That is worth noting because crime is supposed to be one of our chief preoccupations. Most of the crime news in the media, however, is concerned with murder, rape, armed robbery and other violent offenses, while nonbloody crime accounts for a much larger take, and does so year after year. A possible explanation is that violence is a sure attention-getter, whether in television entertainment or in the news. Consequently, politicians, whose first need is to attract public attention, point with alarm to mugging and the like, while ignoring such unspectacular offenses as surreptitious theft and fraud. Perhaps we owe an apology to burglars, who are usually intermediate between violent criminals and respectable thieves. In financial terms, crime pays best when it comes dressed in pin stripes.

## Moistly Sober

Our June 30, 1962 issue was a Fred J. Cook special, "The Ultras." It devoted a section to Patrick J. Frawley Jr., who has made a succession of fortunes with Papermate pens, Schick razors, Technicolor movies and other companies into which he bought at the right time and the right price. But Frawley is not satisfied with accumulating money; he must also be a crusader. In earlier missions, he was an angel of right-wing causes: the Freedoms Foundation, Moral Rearmament, the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade and other scourges of Left-liberalism.

Since these rackets have given signs of petering out, Mr. Frawley has switched to an even more ambitious effort—the cure of alcoholism. In a sense he was qualified, since he had a drinking problem of his own. (Of course, by that standard one could find an expert equally able in any tavern across the land—except that he wouldn't have a few million bucks to dispense.) In 1963, Frawley took the cure at Shadel Hospital in Seattle, thought well of it and bought the hospital, which he renamed Schick-Shadel. Then, as is his way, he set his mind to the problem. He decided that heavy drinking is the result of inability to conserve "precious" bodily fluids. Consequently, the victims are those with a genetic susceptibility inherited from ancestors coming from wet climates or dry ones—take your choice. Examples cited are Eskimos, American Indians, the Irish (of course), Scots, Scandinavians, Celtic French, northern Germans and blacks from equatorial Africa. These racial groups, it seems, lose fluids rapidly and for some ill-defined reason gulp alcohol instead of soda pop.

Frawley has now established a chain of clinics to eliminate alcoholism by keeping the patients suitably moist. Recently he played host to 300 members of the Beverly Hills Medical Association and their wives to explain the Schick-Frawley cure. The *Los Angeles Times* describes the physicians as "slightly stunned," but they came, and listened respectfully. Money talks.



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# Ecology and the Energy Shortage

**ROBERT SOMMER**

It was a practice of ancient kings to cut off the heads of messengers who brought bad tidings. Something like that is happening now to the ecologists. With national survival said to be on the line, environmental quality goes to the wall. If a gasoline shortage sends the Senate into a tailspin, what will happen when we run out of copper, bauxite, manganese and steel?

If all the accomplishments of the various environmental groups over the last five years are not to be wasted, it is important to understand the flip-flop of Congress in approving the Alaskan pipe line by an overwhelming margin, its willingness to accept further drilling in the Santa Barbara channel, the relaxation of air quality standards, and so on. The effects of the handful of new laws passed in the environmental decade since *The Silent Spring* have hardly been felt as yet. In the next few years are we to see the SST resurrected, DDT returned to the fields, and a new dam to back water into the Grand Canyon?

When Ibsen's Doctor Stockman tried to warn the townspeople about the poisoned water supply, he was branded an enemy of the people. The play ends with the statement, "The strong must be lonely." This adage has bleak implications for environmentalists who hope to work politically with a democratic system. They cannot remain a dedicated few if they want to change legislation and keep corporations under rein. That level of effectiveness requires a popular movement. What has happened to the near-unanimous call for environmental quality from every sector of society just a few years ago?

The pamphlets, books and speeches of the ecologists emphasized three schemes. (*1*) It's a beautiful planet. (*2*) We are screwing it up. (*3*) We must stop trying to control nature, and live with it. The first message received universal acclaim. Everyone liked ducks, whales, redwoods, unpolluted rivers and clean air. The second assertion was also generally endorsed. Everyone was aware that things were getting noisier, dirtier and more congested, though there was some argument about who specifically was screwing things up. Most of the fingers were pointed at someone else, and those who would take responsibility for pollution admitted to only an insignificant fraction of it. Besides, things were not as bad as the environmentalists claimed them to be and technical solutions would soon be found to solve everything. So the last part of the environmental triad, which called on America to change its life style in significant ways, never got much popular support. Advertisements insisted that the American housewife would never renounce her electric dryer or the idea that her wash could be whiter than white, or that the American family would have to give up its second car even though a substantial number of families never had a first car. Customers would insist on air-conditioned stores and flashing neon signs. Pogo was wrong: the enemy isn't us; "it's them, over there."

I don't think that the present quiescence of the environmental movement is permanent. Undoubtedly there will be a counteroffensive against a total reversal of the limited accomplishments of the last few years. If anyone has the right to say "I told you so" it is the environmentalists rather than an Administration which procrastinated and stalled remedial action. Yet the environmentalists are being blamed for insisting on smog devices which lowered gas mileage (slightly), who pressured against strip mining and the burning of high-sulfur fuels, and above all who blocked the Alaskan pipe line in the courts and insisted on tight safeguards in the construction of atomic power plants. They haven't been blamed for the Arab oil embargo but that's only because the Arabs themselves are highly visible rascals.

The federal campaign against the ecologists seems to be successful. The pipe line bill has been signed, air quality standards are being relaxed, offshore drilling is being speeded up, there are strong moves to construct additional deep-water ports, and to move full speed ahead on the construction of nuclear power plants. In the conservation movement, victories are temporary and defeats are permanent. Nixon may not be able to vent his spleen upon the Ervin committee but the fuel shortage offers a providential opportunity to get back at his previous opponents, the environmentalists.

The game plan of this Administration is to avoid a showdown with one's current opponent, while at the same time attacking last year's opponent. This has the advantage of silencing one's present gadfly, who isn't likely to be much interested in answering the charges against last year's enemy, while seemingly confirming the correctness of one's previous position. If brown-outs and gas rationing prove the correctness of Nixon's resistance to the environmentalists last year, his reluctance to hand over the tapes may be justified by events next year.

It is incorrect to call the present fuel situation a crisis. A crisis is something that looms up suddenly and can be subdued by specific, short-range measures. The fuel shortage is not a new or single problem. It is the predictable result of past policies and practices, and it is here for an indefinite stay. As of the week of November 20, oil from Arab ports was still being unloaded in the United States. If there was an instant fuel shortage, it had nothing to do with the Arab embargo. A study released by Sen. Henry Jackson's permanent investigation subcommittee showed that the nation's largest oil companies had suddenly slowed their refinery output in the spring of 1972, despite evidence of sharply increased consumer demand. At the same time, the export of fuel oil from the United States in 1973 has increased 284 per cent over 1972. The cutback in refinery production has been related to

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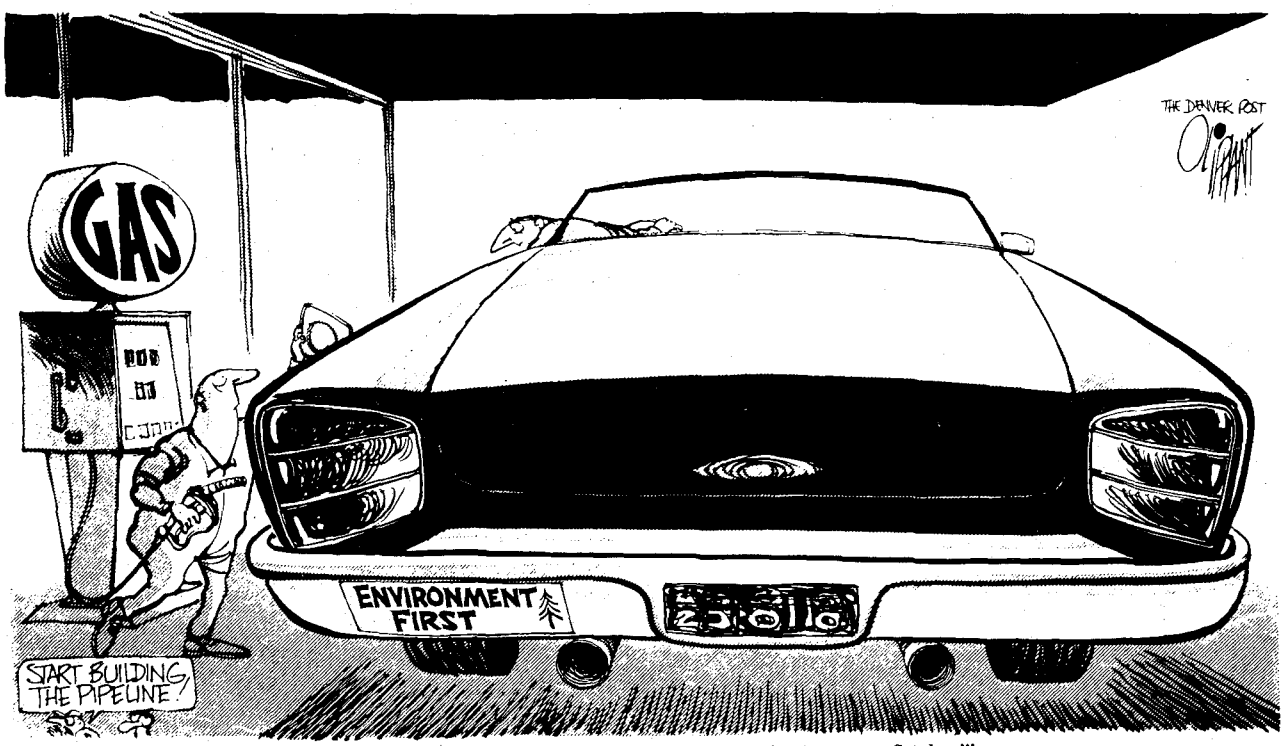
the major oil ocmpanies' desire to squeeze out the independents. Six months ago, you could search around for a gasoline station with a funny name whose prices were 4¢ a gallon cheaper than the major brands. Now the price differential has disappeared along with many of the independent stations. Public transportation and other city services have been hardest hit by the action of the major oil companies. Los Angeles is on the verge of cutting back bus services because of the difficulty the city has in obtaining fuel. Davis, Calif., where I live, contemplates a reduced school bus service. That will mean more cars on the road and more fuel consumed.

The most insidious aspect of the fuel situation is the way it has been manipulated for selfish ends. The predictable shortage has been deliberately orchestrated into a short-term crisis. Oil companies, in collusion with the federal government, are blackmailing the public into accepting short-term palliatives and symbolic gestures that mean increased profits for the oil industry at the cost of environmental degradation, and with no attempt to solve the long-term problem. If the original predictions of the ecologists are correct, and no one has proved them wrong, similar shortages will occur with almost every other resource. At present rates of consumption, copper may last twenty, fifty or seventy-five years. Nickel and manganese are similarly limited. No matter how the figures are juggled, we are talking about periods within the lifetime of children already born.

A major problem for the environmentalists is their insistence on long-range solutions that carry immediate political liabilities. The benefits of enlightened policies for air, water and energy will not be felt for several decades, but the protests from families with two cars, a motorboat, and a skiddoo will be immediate and loud. There are many men and women of good will in Congress who are knowledgeable about environmental issues. They exist also in the middle and lower echelons of federal agencies, but as soon as they become too visible, they are silenced. I believe that the American people can be rallied to accept tough, long-range solutions to energy problems. There is no hope for change if the good will of the American public is converted into selfish interests by an Administration seeking any opportunity to punish its enemies and reward its friends.

There are signs that the public will endorse sound environmental policies. Numerous cities have voted for strong controls of growth and development. Oregon has led the way in banning nonreturnable bottles, is using federal highway funds for bicycle paths and municipal transportation, and regulating wasteful neon signs. All over the country, citizens voluntarily bring newspapers, glass bottles, aluminum and tin cans to neighborhood recycling centers. They are not being paid anything, but feel that this is the only tangible way to demonstrate their commitment to a cleaner environment and the husbanding of resources. The present attack upon environmentalists may produce a withdrawal from national or global issues and turn more attention to local problems. If there seems no hope of stopping corporate interests in Washington, it is still possible to work for a bird sanctuary, local mini-park or neighborhood recycling center. Indeed, if the environmentalists lose ground in the national centers of exploration, extraction and consumption, and gain something in the local centers for recycling, the result will not be a complete disaster. But neither will it be enough. The fuel shortage is the result of an excess of demand over supply. All our resources are finite and unable to service spiraling worldwide demands. We must learn to live within finite planetary resources. That means living with shortages. If we learn to do it, we will not have a crisis every time a large corporation wants to increase its profits. □




*"Fill 'Er Up, Check the Oil, and Remove the Bumper Sticker!"*



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# THE FUTURE OF THE PRESIDENCY

**ROBBINS BURLING**

To contemporary Americans it appears that nothing remotely like Watergate has ever happened before. But our crisis seems unique only because our perspectives are usually limited to modern U.S. history. In a broader view we ought to see ourselves as struggling with an ancient and classic problem: how can a republic have leadership without tyranny? This terrible dilemma has bedeviled every republic since Athens. Scores of magistrates, protectors, generals, governors, prime ministers and Presidents have been chosen by well-defined republican rules, only to seize advantage of their office, arrogate power, and subvert the very system through which they rose.

Our most serious danger is not the tyranny of the next few years. It is that, if we fail to root out the tendencies toward tyranny shown by the present Administration, we shall set precedents that will lead inexorably to more vicious tyrannies in the future. How do we prevent, not just in the years but in the decades to come, a repetition of the horrors that we have recently endured? Would-be tyrants will always aspire to the Presidency, and an occasional rascal is certain to gain the office. What we need is to remake the Presidency so that such men cannot do irreparable damage.

Americans have faced the danger of executive tyranny before, and in response they radically reshaped their executives. A look backward at the problems faced by the men of the Revolution, as they struggled to construct a kind of leadership that would avoid tyranny, may help to put our present dilemma in perspective.

In the period leading up to the revolution, the more radical colonists had developed a deep mistrust of their governors. The colonial assemblies had always been locally elected and were therefore responsive to local interests; but, except in Rhode Island and Connecticut, the governors had been appointed from England. As representatives of the King, they were responsive to the interests of the home country. When the revolution came, all the governors fled except those elected in Connecticut and Rhode Island. The other assemblies were left to govern on their own. The radicals who were gaining control of the assemblies were delighted to see the hated governors leave, but they faced the critical problem of how to organize executive power when there was no Executive. What was to take the place of the governors?

In modern American mythology, it is somehow imagined that the U.S. Constitution sprang by immaculate conception from the heads of the founding fathers, but by the time it was written, the individual states had already passed through a decade of almost incessant Constitution writing. Eleven of the thirteen new states wrote themselves at least one new Constitution before the federal convention assembled and in every case executive power was a key issue. Its crucial nature is shown by the fact that only Connecticut and Rhode Island, where the governors were already elected, continued to operate under the rules of their colonial charters right through the war and into the federal period. The other states, though in the midst of war, set about drafting fundamental documents of government. The men of the revolution believed that their cause could be given no legitimacy without a constitutional base.

How do men handle executive power when they deeply mistrust the executives with whom they have had experience? Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Hampshire and Massachusetts attempted first to do without any real governor at all. Executive power was entrusted to councils, although one man was usually designated to preside or to act as the ceremonial head of state. The other seven states did provide for governors, but at first these were chosen by, and thus directly responsible to, the legislatures, and powers which we have since come to associate with our chief executives at both the state and national levels were severely limited. Governors had no veto over legislation and their powers of appointment were restricted. Most were also surrounded by executive councils, appointed not by themselves but by the legislature; instead of assisting the governor, they kept him under their watchful eye. Not even in the war-time emergency did men forget their fear of executive tyranny.

However, the men of the new American states soon discovered that managing a government was difficult unless a single office was given clear executive responsibility. The revolutionists had known executive tyranny; now they faced the complementary problems of legislative disunity, indecisiveness and inefficiency. A movement soon developed to restore some power to the governors. Delayed by military harassment, New York was the tenth state to adopt a new Constitution, but it was the first to provide for a governor to be elected by a popular vote and thus free from too great dependence upon the legislature. Then, three years later, Massachusetts adopted its Constitution of 1780, which followed New York in providing for an elected governor, and also gave the governor wide powers of appointment and a partial veto over legislation—a veto that could be overridden only by a two-thirds vote of the legislature. Other states followed these examples and, particularly as the influence of the new federal Constitution began to be felt, more and more states modified their basic laws to provide for stronger chief executives. However, the fear of executive tyranny did not disappear overnight. The delegates to the federal Constitutional Convention, many of them veterans of state constitutional debates, retained enough of this fear to build in restrictions upon the Presidency that they

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hoped would keep tyranny in check, even while giving the President enough power to assume leadership. And they designed with remarkable skill.

Indeed, the founding fathers designed almost too well, for in succeeding generations, Americans gradually forgot the terrible dangers of executive tyranny. We have never worried ourselves with the specter of the Roman magistrates or the Italian protectors who were able to dominate the very men who appointed them. We have even dismissed as irrelevant the dismal sequence of executives who, in our own century, have imposed tyranny on their nations after first gaining office by constitutional means—Nkrumah in Ghana, Marcos in the Philippines, even Hitler in Germany, and many, many others.

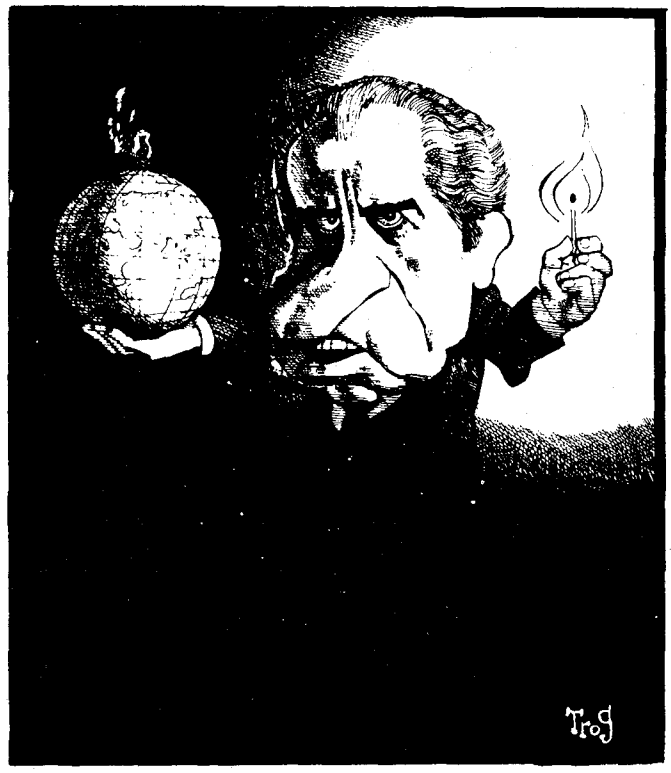
This is America! Our traditions are different! Our President would never send the tanks against his own people! A mystique of the Presidency has grown up. Ordinary men are supposed to grow in that office; good men are supposed to become great. Americans who have suddenly grown skeptical of this conventional wisdom should read Clinton Rossiter's *The American Presidency* (1956) to see just how tragically wrong an intelligent political scientist can be. In glowing prose, Rossiter describes the growth and adaptability of that great and unique office. His readers must once have concluded that the magic of the Presidency could change the dreariest political hack into an objective, wise and tolerant statesman.

But in this respect America is no different from any other nation. No special God protects us from the evils we see elsewhere. The American President is no more immune to the temptations of tyranny than the countless magistrates, protectors, stadholders and governors who have moved toward tyranny in the past. Only an abiding suspicion of executive power has protected us thus far. Until we regain that suspicion the Republic will be in danger.

Executive power has been growing on this continent ever since the Revolution, when the state governors first began to regain some of the power that the colonial governors had had before. As the fear of executive tyranny receded, the states, the people and our representatives in Congress have gradually ceded power to the single office of the President. In emergencies, both foreign and domestic, the President has seemed to be the man best placed to respond. The easiest solution to every political problem has been to allow an increase in his powers. We forgot that the Presidency itself could become a threat to our liberties. In the last few decades, men who called themselves liberals have been the ones most guilty of building Presidential power. Liberals must acknowledge that the Nixon Administration is the logical end product of a series of increasingly powerful "liberal" Democratic administrations. Only a handful of honest conservatives have clung to the traditional American mistrust of too much government.

But it is an iron rule of politics that increase of power leads to tyranny. If an office keeps gaining power, sooner or later a man will come along and use that power to subvert the very system that gave him the office. A political system that encourages its own subversion is doomed to collapse.

So, in the 1970s we have finally come full circle, for we face the same risk of executive tyranny that the American colonists faced two centuries ago, and I am even less optimistic about the long run than about the short run. I believe we could even survive three more years of Richard Nixon. Congress, the press and the citizenry have become so suspicious that it would be difficult for his Administration to repeat the horrors of the last few years. The real dangers to the Republic lie further ahead, for the Nixon Administration is no freak accident, and if we do not change the rules, later administrations will act as arrogantly.




London Observer

*"If Any of You Takes One Step Nearer"*

Americans are lucky that it has taken 200 years to reach this point, but if the President escapes punishment this time, every future President will know himself to be immune from punishment. It will not be long before another man with tyrannical inclinations turns his own band of henchmen loose upon the nation. The next time we may not have a Congress controlled by the opposition party. The next group of burglars may be less clumsy than the bunch that bungled the Watergate job. If future Presidents know they are safe from punishment, we can be certain that they will abuse their powers. They will subvert the system that put them into office.

Thus I feel that dealing with Nixon the man or with Nixon the President is not our major challenge. Our real problem is to deal with the Presidency as an institution. Those who would protect the institution are, I believe, wrong. The institution allows a man to exploit it as Nixon has done; therefore, it is the institution that needs to be put right.

Our predecessors used many techniques for defending



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themselves against executive tyranny, but few of their techniques seem practical today. We will not limit the Presidential term to a single year. We will not choose a foreigner, in imitation of the Italian *podestas*. We can hardly imagine doing entirely without an executive as the Dutch once did, nor can we imagine instituting mutually cross-checking administrators along the lines of the magistracies of Athens or republican Rome. Certainly we cannot count on timely deaths, such as those that helped protect Florence and the Dutch republic from the threatened tyrannies of their military leaders. Even a collegial executive departs too violently from our traditions to be taken seriously. The only remaining remedy is to exercise our right to remove a man from office when what he does offends us. The knowledge that he is subject to dismissal is the only restraint we can impose.

So the question we face is not whether the nation will be able to endure a bruising impeachment battle. If the British can so calmly survive a vote of no confidence, then surely we can survive an impeachment. The real question is whether we shall be able to endure *without* an impeachment battle. Nothing else seems likely to reverse our long trend toward increasing Presidential powers, and if the trend is not reversed, the present political system will be destroyed. We have been lucky this time: the Watergate burglars were inept; a tiny band of enterprising reporters never gave up their quest; a determined judge pushed for confessions. Next time we will probably not be so lucky, and we had better seize our opportunity now—not so much to punish this President, as to cut the Presidency itself down to size. The only way to do that is to invoke, at last, the impeachment provisions of the Constitution. Our message to future Presidents will then be: watch out or we will evict you. Otherwise, future Presidents will read in our failure the opposite message: Go ahead. You are safe from punishment. You are above the law. Do with your subjects as you will. □

POLICING LATIN AMERICA

# The Reality Behind *State of Siege*

**MICHAEL T. KLARE**

Costa Gavras' *State of Siege* no doubt failed to convince many of its viewers that American advisers really do provide instruction in counterinsurgency, riot control and political espionage to Latin American policemen. However, careful study of the U.S. "Public Safety" program elicits ample evidence of the film's accuracy: government documents show that the United States has trained more than a million foreign policemen (including 100,000 Brazilians) and has spent more than $280 million in the past decade to arm, advise and equip foreign police organizations.

Continued U.S. support of police agencies in the developing areas of Africa, Asia and Latin America is certain to be a major issue in the 1970s and 1980s. Since it is evident that the American public will not tolerate another protracted anti-guerrilla war in the troubled Third World, the Administration is urgently seeking new strategies of social control to assure defeat of any future revolutionary uprisings—*without* the use of American combat troops.

Many U.S. strategists now believe that the surest way to avoid our direct military intervention in future counterinsurgencies is to identify and destroy radical movements at a very early stage of their development—long before they can mobilize significant popular support among workers, students or peasants. Such "preventive" strategy, in the view of American defense analysts, requires the development of strong, reliable police organizations in every Third World nation threatened by insurrection. Police intelligence units can infiltrate and disrupt radical organizations while they are small and vulnerable; police tactical units can crush demonstrations and strikes before they precipitate a political crisis and, if need be, "special branch" police units can arrest, detain and "neutralize" (by whatever means) key radical organizers, thus eliminating the nucleus of a prospective revolutionary party. Such measures are relatively inexpensive, largely invisible, and—in the view of many strategists—more effective than military counterinsurgency operations. As Under Secretary of State U. Alexis Johnson suggested in 1971, "Effective policing is like 'preventive medicine.' The police can deal with threats to internal order in their formative states. Should they not be prepared to do this, 'major surgery' may be required in the sense that considerable force would be needed to redress those threats. This action is painful and expensive and often disruptive in itself."

The need for "effective policing" is considered particularly acute in large cities, where most revolutionary movements begin, and where potentially radical constituencies —workers, students, the unemployed—are most accessible. Throughout the Third World, landless peasants are streaming to the cities in search of jobs. Since most of the poorer countries cannot, with their existing economic structures, satisfy the aspirations of these new urban dwellers, civic impatience and discontent is generating increasing attacks on the *status quo*. Prof. Lucian Pye of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has studied the political implications of rapid urbanization for underdeveloped countries; he notes: "In the psychological sphere the rapid transition from the compact and intimate world of the village to the highly impersonal and anonymous

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world of the city can leave people with deep personal insecurities. . . . In a multitude of ways rapid urbanization can cause social, economic and psychological divisions and tensions which, translated into the political realm, become sources of instability and obstacles to effective nation building." Pye warned that "in some countries the teeming urban populations are so highly politicized that they have become in a sense loaded revolvers pointed at the responsible governments. . . ."

Apprehension over these "loaded revolvers" in Third World cities has been intensified by the growing inclination of revolutionary organizations to switch from a rural guerrilla strategy to an urban underground strategy. This strategic shift is inspired both by the proliferating counterinsurgency apparatus in the countryside (much of it planted there by the United States) and the growing militancy of radical students, industrial workers and *pobladores* (people of the barrio). Nelson Rockefeller, who studied this phenomenon during his 1969 tour of Latin America, told President Nixon that, while indigenous military organizations "have gradually improved their capabilities for dealing with Castro-type agrarian guerrillas . . . radical revolutionary elements in the hemisphere appear to be increasingly turning toward urban terrorism in their attempts to bring down the existing order." In many countries, he noted, urban unrest has prompted a heavy-handed military response which in turn has fueled the insurgent movement. "This type of subversion is more difficult to control and governments are forced to use increasingly repressive measures to deal with it. Thus, a cycle of terrorist actions and repressive counter-reactions tends to polarize and unsettle the political situation, creating more fertile ground for radical solutions among large segments of the population."

The "repressive counter-reactions" alluded to by Rockefeller were employed, in most cases, because the governments involved could see no alternative. Before the 1960s, the United States placed overwhelming emphasis on the development of strong military forces in its counterinsurgency programs abroad, ignoring the police and other civil security forces. This imbalance became increasingly obvious as the decade progressed; in 1968 Prof. David Burks of Indiana University told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee:

> I think we have to face a reality. The reality is that when the insurgents appear, the governments will call upon the army to eliminate the insurgents. And, in most cases that I have examined, this was not too difficult to do. But there comes a point . . . when the army cannot handle this kind of situation simply because the military establishment tends to use too much force, tends to use the wrong techniques and tends, therefore, to polarize the population and gradually force the majority of those who are politically active to support the revolutionary or insurgent force. . . .

Burks argued that "the police are the first and best line of defense against insurgency. Police well integrated with the population and using minimum force can often control a crisis before it can escalate to dangerous proportions."

The view of the police as "the first line of defense" against revolution has gained considerable currency among American counterinsurgency experts over the past few years. Many of them argue that the police, who are out on the streets every day "pounding the beat," have better intelligence on the local political scene than the military, and thus can move faster to root out a potential insurgent threat. The same point has been made by Sir Robert Thompson, the British counterinsurgency expert who has advised President Nixon on the conduct of the Vietnamese War: "The best organization to be responsible for all internal security intelligence is the special branch of the police force. . . . The police force is a state organization reaching out into every corner of the country and will have had long experience of close contact with the population."

The strategic importance of civil police forces is reinforced, in the view of American analysts, by their close identification with the regime in power: an efficient, vigorous police force represents, in the popular mind, an efficient, vigorous government; a corrupt, inefficient and brutal police force suggests that the incumbent regime is corrupt, inefficient and insecure. "What the police tell the people, by work and by deed," USAID Administrator John A. Hannah commented in 1969, "the people believe about their government. Are the police arrogant? Their government will seem oppressive. Are the police ineffective? Government will seem weak. To the man on the street, the police *are* the government."

The close identification between government and police, according to Under Secretary Johnson, is important for two major reasons, the first being their visibility: "By this I do not mean," he told Third World police cadets in 1971, "that the necessary element is a colorful uniform —although there are few sights I find more pleasant than a well-uniformed policeman"—but rather, "that the police are constantly and easily seen by the populace . . . they are seen in the smallest villages as well as the largest cities; they are, and I think they should and must be, everywhere visible."

The second reason cited by Johnson is that the police contribute to the maintenance of social stability and thus help to create and maintain a climate conducive to private investment and economic development.

Since the early 1960s, these arguments have been a fundamental element of foreign policy for the United States. Thus in 1964, USAID Administrator David Bell told Congress:

> Maintenance of law and order, including internal security, is one of the fundamental responsibilities of government. . . .
>
> Successful discharge of this responsibility is imperative if a nation is to establish and maintain the environment of stability and security so essential to economic, social, and political progress. . . .
>
> Plainly, the United States has very great interests in the creation and maintenance of an atmosphere of law and order under humane, civil concepts and control. . . . Where there is a need, technical assistance to the police of developing nations to meet their responsibilities promotes and protects these U.S. interests.

For these reasons, and under the guise of development assistance, the United States Government has been flooding the Third World with police equipment, weapons and advisers. Aid to foreign police organizations



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is normally channeled through the Office of Public Safety (OPS) of the Agency for International Development, a semi-autonomous bureau set up by President Kennedy in 1961 to coordinate U.S. police programs abroad. OPS provides assistance to Third World police in three basic ways:

¶By offering advanced training to senior police officers at the International Police Academy (IPA) in Washington, D.C., and at other police schools in the United States. Between 1961 and 1971, some 6,800 Third World police officials, about 60 per cent of them Latin American, received training in the United States. One hundred and

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

three top Chilean police officers were trained by IPA in the past ten years, one of them subsequently becoming a commander of the Carabineros, Chile's paramilitary police agency.

¶By stationing "Public Safety Advisers" in selected Third World countries to train rank-and-file police officers and to advise top officials at the country's national police headquarters. As of May 1, 1972, 309 Public Safety Advisers were stationed abroad, of whom half were assigned to Vietnam and forty-three to Latin America. Most Public Safety Advisers are recruited from the CIA, the FBI, the Special Forces, Military Police or domestic law-enforcement agencies. (Dan Mitrione, the model for "Michael Santore" in *State of Siege*, was Police Chief of Richmond, Ind. before joining the OPS mission in Montevideo.)

¶By making direct grants of specialized police equipment, including riot gasses, pistols, shotguns, gas masks, radios and walkie-talkies, patrol cars, jeeps and computers. About half of OPS's budget is spent in this way. In addition, AID is empowered to make emergency shipments of riot equipment and other police material to support a favored regime.

From 1961 to 1971, such aid cost the Office of Public Safety $283 million, of which two-thirds was spent in Southeast Asia, primarily in South Vietnam ($85 million) and Thailand ($83 million). In other regions, OPS assistance has been concentrated on a handful of countries, most of which have experienced insurgencies or civil disorders in the past decade. Among these most favored recipients were Pakistan ($8.5 million), the Congo ($4.1 million), Brazil ($8.5 million), Colombia ($6.2 million) and Guatemala ($4 million).

In any country where it is active, the Office of Public Safety focuses on certain key elements of police work—particularly training, communications, intelligence and records, paramilitary operations and riot control—considered vital to the U.S. counterinsurgency mission. This strategy is particularly evident in Brazil, where the United States inspired the creation of a federal police organization (before 1965 each of Brazil's twenty-two states had its own police force; there were no federal policemen); and helped finance the establishment of a national police command center in Brasilia. Moreover, in an inventory of its "program accomplishments" in Brazil, USAID takes credit for the "construction, equipping and development of curriculum, staff and faculty for the National Police Academy, National Telecommunications Center and National Institutes of Criminalistics and Identification."

Public Safety objectives in other Latin American countries are specified in USAID's annual *Program and Project Data Presentation to the Congress*. The following program descriptions are characteristic:

In *Costa Rica,* OPS seeks "to improve police capabilities to maintain law and order, thus helping to preserve the favorable climate for orderly growth and development," by "improving the civilian police training system; installing modern administrative procedures; expanding and centralizing police communications; improving records coordination; and by improvement of police capabilities in disturbance and riot control."

In *Uruguay*—the setting for *State of Siege*—OPS is pledged to "assist in modernizing and improving Montevideo and interior police departments and increasing their effectiveness in carrying out their responsibilities to maintain law and order and to control subversion."

In *Pakistan,* which is "experiencing serious difficulties and threats to its internal security" due to "ethnic differences" and the "recent strife" in East Pakistan, USAID proposed (in mid-1971, a few months before the civil war which led to the creation of Bangladesh) to "increase the effectiveness of the internal security forces . . . by (*1*) improvement of motor transport capability; (*2*) improvement of communications capability; (*3*) modernization of police training and training institutions; and (*4*) modernization of administrative and operational practices."

By concentrating on these strategic aspects of internal security AID can exert considerable influence on the structure and orientation of indigenous police operations at relatively modest cost (modest, that is, by comparison with spending for military assistance). Thus, a 1966 report on Public Safety operations in the Dominican Republic notes that, while the $720,000 in USAID funds programmed for the coming year represented but 5 per cent of the Dominican police budget, "for U.S. objectives it provides the necessary leverage." Moreover, U.S.-sponsored improvements in communications, records and management augment the authority of the central police command—and thus that of the U.S. Public Safety Advisers who work alongside top police officers in each country.

Although the Public Safety program is ostensibly apolitical ("We stay completely out of domestic politics," OPS Director Byron Engle told Congress in 1972), the



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program obviously has a pronounced political orientation. Thus, Third World police cadets who attend the USAID-funded International Police Academy in Washington, D.C. are lectured to by FBI instructors on the Communist menace and other cold-war shibboleths, and receive a series of briefings on "civil-military relationships in counterinsurgency operations" at the U.S. Army Special Forces School at Fort Bragg, N.C. Other subjects taught at the academy, according to a 1967 syllabus, include: Introduction to Internal Security; Basic Framework for Counterinsurgency Policy; Planning for Riot-Control; Special Equipment for Control of Civil Disturbances; Chemical Munitions and Records and Internal Security. And Jack Anderson recently reported that selected students can also sign up for a secret course on the manufacture and use of bombs, explosives and incendiary devices; this "Technical Investigation Course" is taught by CIA instructors at a remote Border Patrol school in Los Fresnos, Tex. Before graduation, IPA students test their newly acquired skills at a facility known as the Police Operations Control Center (POCC). One journalist who visited the academy reports:

> At the front of the POCC is a magnetic game board on which has been constructed the map of a mythical city, Rio Bravos. . . . From the control booth, faculty field commanders alert the students to a Communist-inspired riot at the city's university, or to a bombing attempt by Communist subversives from the neighboring country, Maoland. The students deploy their forces on the board and plan strategies, much as they would from a real police control center.

It is no feat of imagination to identify "Rio Bravos" as Caracas or Santo Domingo, or "Maoland" as Cuba or Chile.

If "Maoland" is the enemy, who then are the allies? In his 1964 testimony before the Senate Committee on Appropriations, Administrator Bell stated that U.S. aid is "not given to support dictatorships." He acknowledged, however, that there have been exceptions to this rule: "It is obviously not our purpose or intent to assist a head of state who is repressive," he explained; "on the other hand, *we are working in a lot of countries where the governments are controlled by people who have shortcomings.*" (Emphasis added.) Not wanting to embarrass anyone by naming our less than perfect friends, Bell did not identify the countries he had in mind. Nevertheless, an examination of Public Safety spending over the past decade suggests who they are. Brazil, with the largest U.S. police subsidy in Latin America, is ruled by a military dictatorship which has been condemned by numerous humanitarian organizations for its brutal suppression of unorthodox political tendencies. In Asia, the dictatorial regime of Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos continues to receive substantial U.S. police aid, despite the abrogation of civil liberties and detention of leading opposition spokesmen. During the 1970 electoral campaign in the Dominican Republic, *New York Times* correspondent Juan de Onis found that "the police chiefs . . . are more important organizers of Mr. Balaguer's re-election campaign than the local chairman of the President's Reformist Party. De Onis cited the services rendered: "Opposition activities, such as street meetings, are violently repressed by the police. Intimidation of opposition activists includes arrests, police beatings and, in a number of documented cases, the killing or disappearance of known party members—particularly of the Dominican Revolutionary Party and the more left-wing Dominican Popular Movement."

In some countries aided by OPS, the incumbent regime has found it expedient to delegate certain "sensitive" tasks—for example, assassinating opposition political leaders—to clandestine right-wing terror organizations like "La Mano Blanca" (White Hand) and "Ojo por Ojo" (Eye for an Eye) in Guatemala, "La Banda" (the Band) in the Dominican Republic and the "Death Squads" in Brazil and Uruguay. These groups, composed of "off-duty" police and hired thugs, attack and murder Left and moderate politicians, radical journalists and others feared by the ruling junta, without (directly) implicating government agencies. In Brazil, as many as 1,000 political activists have been murdered by the Death Squad; according to the chief criminal judge of São Paulo, Nelson Fonseca, "the members of the Death Squad are policemen . . . and everyone knows it." Such groups keep the population frightened, and allow the "legitimate" police—and by extension OPS—to dissociate themselves from terrorism while furnishing the terrorists with arms and political protection. Not many Latin Americans are fooled: an investigator for the U.S. Senate has reported that in Guatemala "the United States is politically identified with police terrorism."

USAID's public response to such findings is, as one would expect, to deplore such "unprofessional" behavior, but there is considerable evidence that the government is in fact highly satisfied with the performance of most Third World policemen—particularly those in countries which have a reputation for unwavering ruthlessness toward leftist movements. An unpublished USAID report listing the accomplishments of the Public Safety program in Venezuela notes that "Two privileged sanctuaries where Communist activities were planned—and to a large extent carried out—have been eliminated." These "privileged sanctuaries" were not, as one might suppose, jungle hideouts or mountain fortresses; they were the Venezuelan Congress and the Central University in Caracas. As explained by OPS, "The first, the Congress, was eliminated by government action in 1963 when extremist Congressmen and Senators were arrested. The second, the main university located in the capital city, was eliminated . . . in December 1966." The report noted two benefits from the university intervention: "The first was the closing of the dormitories, which were looked upon as the organization center for the extremists. The second was the establishment by the government of the principle that the grounds of the university are not inviolate." Anyone familiar with Latin America, where university autonomy is considered a basic political right, will interpret such remarks as an unequivocal statement of allegiance to the forces of repression and authoritarianism.

Although there has been some criticism, particularly in the U.S. Senate, of Operation Phoenix and the U.S. Public Safety program abroad, activities are not likely to be discontinued in the foreseeable future. The Nixon Administration, with its emphasis on the development of local



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counterinsurgency forces, has asked Congress for increased "Security Assistance" funds in the years ahead. Furthermore, as civil discontent and revolutionary activity increase in the developing areas, U.S. businessmen and multinational corporations will certainly press for increased aid to local police forces. Thus Nelson Rockefeller, in his 1969 report on Latin America, urged the President to "respond to requests for assistance of the police and security forces of the hemisphere by providing them with the essential tools to do their job." Although such measures may strengthen the repressive machinery of some pro-U.S. regimes in the Third World, they do not and cannot treat the basic problems of underdevelopment and poverty which generate discontent—and thus they cannot guarantee any long-range protection against popular unrest and revolutionary upheaval. □

PUBLIC WELFARE SYSTEMS

# THE HIGH COST OF INEQUALITY

**REP. MARTHA W. GRIFFITHS**

We dream of our nation as one in which happy, productive people have ample cash, live in pleasant housing of (at least) standard quality, receive excellent medical care, are well-nourished and have access to higher education. In our real nation, millions of citizens do live in unparalleled comfort, but other millions do not, despite significant government efforts to help them. We can, and probably will, provide better for the less fortunate, but there are practical limits to how much better, especially if we are concerned about basic fairness, for the pie to be carved up is not yet large enough to realize the dream, and our somewhat hit-or-miss methods of carving it produce some odd-looking slices.

The average American achieves his comfortable standard of living only at the cost of work and worry, as the factory worker or middle-level white-collar worker will attest. Many of us live right on—or over—the margin of our incomes, and there is a pervasive anxiety about income security in the event of unemployment, disability, old age, or death of the bread-winner. How will the mortgage be paid and the children educated? Such fears have profound implications for the quality of this "comfortable" life.

Most nagging, perhaps, is the sense that, despite our best efforts and hard work, the rewards are too small, considering what some others are getting at relatively little cost to themselves. Various tax preferences give subsidies that rise with taxable income—subsidies for health care, home ownership, child care. The tax law also provides shelter for the investment income of persons with money to invest.

At the the other end of the scale, welfare programs offer tax-free cash, food, health, housing and child care benefits to some of the poor. Sometimes total benefits for the poor have a greater value than the earnings of someone of moderate income. Certain types of services—such as Medicaid (when viewed as a comprehensive health insurance plan with few limits on services, and virtually no coinsurance or deductible requirements), and federally subsidized child care centers—rarely exist on the private market and could not be afforded even if they were available.

Abundant examples of this sort fuel a feeling that the system is not fair. For a long time this feeling was misunderstood and misinterpreted by many as anti-poor and anti-minority. Those who feel the pinch especially are the families who are neither poor nor above the median income—for example, a family of four with an annual income between $4,275 and $10,285. Such families probably would generally be described as lower-middle income.

Such complaints should not be dismissed casually nor condemned out of hand, as stemming from bigotry. Two problems of equity arise in the area of who should get what: the exclusion of many groups of the poor from equal participation in welfare programs; and the preferential treatment granted some of the poor relative to Americans of moderate income. The urgency of finding "solutions" to these problems is growing. But coming to grips with them will require a wrenching departure from past public welfare policies—policies which have developed over a considerable period and with no overall chart to revise their redundancies and inconsistencies. Programs as diverse as cash welfare assistance, Social Security, food stamps, Medicaid and housing assistance may be altered substantially as the re-evaluation of our traditional practices takes place. And we may have to scale down our immediate promises: a nation needs its dreams and visions, but we can be ill-served if we fail to work out the mathematics of what is reasonable and possible to do.

The United States pays out more than $100 billion annually in public programs that transfer income to individuals. More than half of that is Social Security and other social insurance payments to retired workers; another quarter is for social insurance payments to disabled workers and survivors of deceased workers. Only one-quarter—cash relief, food stamps, free medical care and the like—is "welfare," specifically targeted to persons defined as impoverished. The rub lies in the mechanism for targeting and the amounts given to individual families.

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Since the depression of the 1930s, when millions were jobless, the nation has evolved a threefold strategy of income support: "full" employment at or above the minimum wage for able-bodied workers; social insurance (for the risks of unemployment, disability, old age and death); and welfare for "unemployables."

The flaws in this structure are indicated in part by the fact that there are still 25 million poor. We do not, of course, have full employment; not everyone who works is covered by the minimum wage; and that level is not high enough to keep even families of four out of poverty. In 1971, nearly a million nonaged men were the heads of poor families, even though they worked full time, full year.

Some people outside the labor force are needy, despite the social insurance payments made to them. And mothers, earlier defined as unemployable, have now joined the labor force *en masse*. We offer cash welfare payments only to some of the poor, and these benefits tend to favor:

¶The aged on relief over some aged recipients of "earned" Social Security benefits.

¶Unemployed fathers on welfare over some of the unemployed fathers drawing unemployment compensation.

¶Working welfare mothers over many of the nonwelfare working mothers and some of the working fathers.

¶Broken nonworking families over some intact working families.

Moreover, since the early 1960s a new set of benefit programs has sprung up, offering subsidized day care, food, housing and health care to some of the poor and to a few persons of moderate income. When such programs are developed the model is often the *best* services possible, not what moderate- or middle-income persons usually buy for themselves. Thus, unit costs are staggeringly high, and the level of funding guarantees that only a lucky few will be served.

The Joint Economic Committee's Subcommittee on Fiscal Policy, a Congressional unit that has been studying the nation's many income transfer programs, has discovered that, although government aid programs offer too little to meet the needs of many, they sometimes offer "too much" for some. That is, combinations of cash and other aid, legislated piecemeal, offer to some of the needy more than could be provided on a fair basis to all in similar need. In one survey, for example, a mother with three children who earned $355 monthly was receiving food, health, and cash subsidies of $359 monthly. That adds up to $8,568 annually, and yet hundreds of thousands of families with smaller incomes receive no government aid at all. The subcommittee has found that income shifts thus effected within the poverty and lower-middle range are sometimes great enough to level previously unequal persons, or even to reverse the relative income positions of families and individuals.

Thus, in our income transfer programs the goal of adequate help for the needy often competes with the goal of rewarding thrift and work. And the desire to offer superior noncash goods and services conflicts with the ability to provide these goods and services to all who are by law eligible for them.

War and postwar inflation has so eroded the dollar that a typical middle-class worker today probably is unable to buy as much with his paycheck as he did in 1969. To try to make ends meet, more and more wives are taking jobs; last year, for the first time, more than half of all mothers with school-age children were at work. But despite the increased income of women during the period, real median family income actually declined from 1969 to 1971—by $138 in constant dollars.

The blue-collar production worker (in a nonagricultural private firm) earned gross annual wages of $7,384 in mid-1972, just equaling the Bureau of Labor Statistics "lower-living level" family budget for a family of four. But he had to pay $847 in Social Security and federal income taxes, possibly another sum in state income taxes, probably $150 in state sales taxes and probably several hundred dollars in real estate taxes, either directly as a home owner or indirectly as a renter. He was lucky to have $5,500 left in disposable cash for all living costs: food, housing, clothing, medical expenses, recreation, transportation and education.

It is natural, then, for the factory worker to feel aggrieved when he learns that a mother and three children in a broken family in New York City can obtain $5,412 tax free in the form of cash, free food and medical services from the Welfare Department and, sometimes, subsidized housing as well. His income taxes and his local property taxes are helping to finance welfare grants almost as large as his own *after-tax income*! He earns $7,384 more than the welfare mother, but his family has scarcely any extra monetary reward over hers.

If this worker goes to the supermarket and, waiting in the check-out line, sees a woman use food stamps to buy the steak and bacon that his wife has just ruled out of bounds, he will see this as tangible evidence to justify his angry protests against the "welfare giveaway."

Middle-income America also voices increased dissatisfaction with the distribution of educational and housing subsidies. Congress last year established a program of Basic Educational Opportunity Grants, intended to provide a $1,400 floor for college students from needy families (but Congress appropriated only enough money for maximum grants of $452 per student).

"It seems you have to be a minority member to take advantage of the money you pay into the federal government," one embittered father in Queens told a *New York Times* reporter. The father, whose annual income is $9,531, said his son was turned down for a federal grant to help pay his expenses at New York University.

Congress also changed eligibility rules for subsidized student loans, requiring a determination of the student's actual need. Now loans are denied to many students whose family income is above the U.S. median, and there is a clamor to liberalize the program. "You have changed the program from loans of convenience to loans of necessity," student aid officers told the House Education and Labor Committee staff, which recently investigated complaints about the new rules. "It is no longer a program for middle-income people."

Congress is under heavy pressure from middle-income



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families to expand the range of incomes eligible for federal housing subsidies, although the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) says that it has been aiding some families in the $12,000-to-$15,000 range. "I feel that my tax dollar does not need to be used to put low-income and welfare cases into new housing," an Idaho realtor said recently. He urged the government to renovate used houses for the poor instead of offering a new house "as a reward for being poor."

It is largely because of such reactions that HUD considers moving to individual cash subsidies based on income, rather than subsidies for particular housing units. Should the Administration forward such a legislative proposal to Congress, there will no doubt be heated discussion, since it is unlikely that the amount of cash subsidy would exceed in every case the housing subsidies which people now receive.

Despite the fact that Social Security benefits have been increased by 50 per cent since 1969, moderate-income workers are feeling the pinch when they retire. Many turn to welfare for supplementation, and they may find themselves little or no better off for having Social Security coverage. For example, consider two retired men who apply for old-age relief in Contra Costa County, California. Because Mr. Williams was a farm hand he never paid a penny in payroll taxes and is ineligible for Social Security. He and his wife have no income and only small savings and an aging car, so the county welfare office grants him a full welfare check—$414 for the couple. Mr. Green, a former mechanic, and his wife find they cannot get by on his monthly Social Security check of $399, the current maximum amount for a retired couple. Having determined that Green has no other income and only modest resources, the county office grants him a $30 check. So Green gets $429 in all. He paid ever rising payroll taxes all his working years, and his extra reward over Williams is $15. Had they lived in a different state, such as Michigan, Green might have received no monthly premium over Williams.

Along with old-age relief goes eligibility for Medicaid, a program of free medical care often more generous than the Medicare program run by Social Security. For the doctor bill component of Medicare, Social Security annuitants must pay a monthly premium of $6.30. Medicaid pays this fee for welfare recipients, and unlike Medicare, there are few deductibles and coinsurance requirements under Medicaid. A 5 per cent increase in Social Security would make the Greens ineligible for welfare and cut way back on their Medicaid benefits too.

To give more adequate recognition to the payroll taxes of Mr. Green, we should adopt the policy of giving the increasing numbers of welfare-Social Security dual recipients a premium equal to some proportion—say 25 per cent—of their Social Security payments. That would result in giving the Greens $100 more than the Williamses, who never paid payroll taxes. And, of course, we must adopt a more equitable medical program.

There are inequities in programs for the unemployed as well. The federally assisted Aid to Families with Dependent Children—Unemployed Fathers (AFDC-UF) is offered by twenty-three states and the District of Columbia to jobless fathers, who may work up to 100 hours a month and still be officially "unemployed." In six states AFDC-UF benefits surpass maximum checks available to the jobless from unemployment insurance, including allowances for dependents. Further, AFDC-UF offers welfare supplements for part-time wages (a work-incentive bonus established by Congress in 1967 in the hope of reducing welfare rolls), in contrast to unemployment insurance (UI), which generally reduces benefits to $1 for each dollar of earned income.

Unemployed Mr. Smith, his wife and two children get a maximum monthly check of $277 from UI in St. Paul, Minn. Jobless Mr. Jones, however, has no unemployment insurance and so his family of four receives the more liberal state welfare check of $360. Furthermore, if Jones can find a part-time job, he will receive a partial welfare check to supplement wages. For instance, if Jones earns $250 monthly from 100 hours of work, and his work expenses total $50, he will be eligible for a welfare supplement of $263 to add to his wages, making a monthly total of $513. Anything Smith makes will be deducted from his insurance check. Also, as long as the Jones family is on welfare, it will be eligible for food stamps and for free medical care.

By federal law, the father collecting UI benefits cannot draw one penny in federally assisted welfare until he exhausts his unemployment insurance rights. If that were not so, Smith would be better off dropping UI and collecting welfare. Having recognized this inequity, several states supplement UI with their own funds; but that is a patchwork and incomplete solution. What is needed is a program of cash supplements, available on the basis of income, not on hours of work.

A mother on welfare, like "unemployed" Mr. Jones on welfare, is eligible for a wage supplement if she goes to work. An AFDC mother in Rhode Island, who received $263 in welfare when she stayed home with her three children, boosted her total income to $444 by going to work full time for $333 a month. Moreover, she saved the taxpayers $152. Only one-fourth of her income ($111) now is from welfare. That is an improved situation for the working welfare mother, her children and the taxpayer, even though the family still shows up on the "welfare" rolls. But it is manifestly unfair to her co-worker, who also has three children and is their sole support.

This co-worker is a widow who never sought welfare and who is ineligible for Social Security survivor benefits. Working alongside the AFDC mother, she receives the same $333 gross monthly check, and she has increasing trouble meeting her bills. The widow applies for a supplement at the welfare office, but is told her income is "too high," even though her earnings are the same as Mrs. Brown's. She is told that Mrs. Brown's welfare check is an incentive to get *off* welfare, and that only those already on welfare can be offered that incentive. The widow goes home wondering whether she had better quit her job long enough to qualify for welfare. Then, she figures, she can go back to work and collect the extra $111 a month like Mary Brown.

As a result of this work bonus, women already receiving AFDC in high benefit states can earn $7,000, $8,000 and even more and still remain eligible for a small supple-



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mental grant, plus food stamps or surplus food commodities and Medicaid. A woman who has been working steadily for the same wages and who never resorted to welfare is barred from these benefits. This bizarre situation may indeed provide work incentives to women on AFDC, but it is unfair to those who never stopped working in order to qualify.

Elementary justice requires that the employed widow be entitled to a cash supplement on the same basis as Mary Brown, the welfare mother. Supplementation should be given to all low-income fathers. We must acknowledge that the working poor and "near poor" have earned a minimum income. Their situation cannot be improved by raising the minimum wage, for that regulates only wages per hour and cannot compel any employer to hire anyone or retain a worker on whom he must take a loss; furthermore, the minimum wage ignores family size. Nor can we wave a wand and instantly create jobs for the unemployed or underemployed. What we can—and should—do is to provide a program of cash supplement for all low-income workers, retirees and jobless persons, not just "unemployed" fathers like Mr. Jones and mothers "working their way off welfare" like Mary Brown. To preserve work incentives, the supplement to wages and social insurance benefits should be tapered off slowly and smoothly as income rises, and thus it would extend above the poverty line into the moderate-income class. That would be fair to nonpoor workers and it would strengthen the work ethic.

A more rational and humane cash welfare program would help middle-income families in another way. It would relieve pressure on their tax dollars for less efficient forms of aid, costly to administer and uneven in distribution. Along with reform in cash aid, we need reform of the auxiliary programs tied to welfare, especially those bringing free food and subsidized medical care and housing to the recipient.

Middle-income America has an economic stake in a better public welfare system. □

WORK & WATCH THE SKY

# LIFE TODAY IN NORTH VIETNAM

**PHOEBE L. FRIEDMAN**

With other members of a small delegation from Women Strike for Peace, invited to North Vietnam by the Vietnamese Women's Union, I arrived at the Hanoi airport on October 6. About 11 A.M. our cars were nearing the Red River, on the road to town. Ahead of us was Long Bien Bridge, the vital 2-kilometer link between Hanoi and its suburbs. As we approached it, Loc, our 25-year-old interpreter from the union, flipped one of her hip-length black braids over her shoulders, leaned back toward us from the front seat, and said: "It is forbidden to take pictures on the bridge."

This was the first of a few such admonitions which we were to receive in the twelve days of our stay in North Vietnam, and it suggested right at the start the mood of vigilance which we were to sense again and again as we traveled through and photographed the cities and the countryside.

Long Bien Bridge had been bombed by the United States in 1972. The steel structure, with its important rail line, had been cut in several places. We peered out of the car windows at the stream, now muddy and swollen with the run-off from the just-ending monsoons, and could see the pontoon bridge which had carried the traffic to and from Hanoi during the months when Long Bien Bridge was out of service.

As we moved across the span, crawling patiently behind a line of bicyclists and pedestrians, Loc pointed to newly reinforced portions of the bridge and said: "See, here it was cut, and here also, and here." The many different segments of steel, some painted and chipped, some glinting raw and new, some obviously old and reused, indicated the different sources of the materials that had been brought together to repair the structure. It had been a long and arduous task and, although I had a hunch that U.S. reconnaissance had already taken photos of it all, I couldn't blame the Vietnamese for saying, "No photos." No point in making things easier for the bombers.

The whole way from the airport had been marked by craters and bomb damage along both sides of the road. The road itself had been repaired, but out in the sodden fields (it had rained again earlier that mornnig) the craters were full of water. Rice had been planted and was growing right up to the crater edges. Fresh-water fish are being raised in some of the deepest craters. Craters not deep enough for fish are being used for casabas and other crops that can be grown along the crater walls.

In the suburb of Gia Lam we passed a textile factory that had been bombed in 1972. Jagged tops of charred and roofless walls reached skyward, but inside the remaining structure there was the hum of production. It was the other keynote, which we heard repeated frequently in the succeeding days, in emphatic counterpoint to the air of vigilance. Bombed structures do not often sit hollow and abandoned in North Vietnam; wherever possible they are being worked in or lived in, while reconstruction moves slowly forward.

In the days that followed we saw a lot more of the same improvisation. In Haiphong we visited the Bach Dang shipbuilding yards, bombed thirty-six times during "the Johnson war of destruction" and twenty-seven times

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during "the Nixon war of destruction." As the director, Nguyen Thanh Ba, guided us through the plant, he stopped frequently to point out: "See, where you are standing was a bomb crater." Following the sweep of his hand, we could see the recently filled and leveled circles of ground, each 15 or 20 feet in diameter. Along the walks were shattered and twisted remnants of equipment and buildings. The main buildings lack many windows, and the corners of some structures look as though some monster had chewed out tremendous bites of brick, plaster and steel. Sections of roofs are missing still. Yet production continues even though reconstruction of the factory is incomplete. Wherever possible, the machinery is located under the roofed portions of buildings. Where work is exposed to the elements, plastic tarps cover essential equipment. And along with all the plans for reconstruction and expansion, the women's militia unit assigned to guard the shipyard, trains regularly—"to be ready to resist aggression."

Two days later, we became the first American peace group to visit the little city of Bai Chay, on Ha Long Bay, "where the United States carried out genocidal war." Eighty per cent of this community was totally destroyed by bombings which went on from May through September of 1972. During those months, which must have seemed a perpetual holocaust to the inhabitants of the little mining town, there were twenty-six consecutive days of bombing. The children had been evacuated, but the women and men stayed on to fight. Today, of the original population of 80,000, almost half are still living in evacu-

Friedman

*Entrance to Main Building, Bach Mai Hospital*

ated areas, waiting until new housing can be built. Many of those who still live in the city occupy what appear to be hollow shells. But the children are back, and the living and the building continue side by side. In the still-erect remnants of what had been an apartment house, residents leaned from the windows and waved to us as we wept and photographed our way through the shattered streets. Among the buildings destroyed, in addition to private houses and apartment houses, had been a school, a stadium, a children's theatre, a children's park and an ice-cream factory.

Back in Hanoi, we drove out to the much publicized Bach Mai hospital, a huge complex of medical buildings and housing for patients and hospital workers which covers 16 hectares (almost 40 acres). I had read a great deal about Bach Mai before coming to North Vietnam; I knew it had been bombed three times in 1972. Nonetheless, I was shocked by the extent of the devastation. Every building was damaged, some so extensively that they will now have to be leveled and totally rebuilt.

As we walked through the ruins, looking up to see sky where there should have been ceilings, we found office desks set on corners of corridors, naked light bulbs hanging from makeshift overhead wiring, and medical services being provided, though rebuilding had only begun. Of the many buildings that were destroyed—among them the emergency section, the pharmacy, the office, dermatology, laundry, kitchen, library and pediatrics—only the new Emergency Building has been completed. Still, some 400 patients are being cared for, although many of the hospital workers, including those involved in the rebuilding, still have no permanent homes of their own. It is expected that Bach Mai will not be operating at its full previous capacity of 940 until sometime in 1977 or 1978. One of the most urgent needs is to replace the air conditioning, essential to the functioning of other vital hospital equipment.

Vigilance and reconstruction. Build for life and be wary of death from the skies. "One hand on a plow, one hand on a gun," goes a saying in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, and the words are still true today. The trigger of the gun may not be cocked at the moment, but the trigger finger is ready.

Everything that happens in the South—the arrests and imprisonment of political prisoners, the attacks by Thieu forces upon PRG territories, the repression and surveillance to which all are subjected, the abominable living conditions, the rumors of dead bodies seen floating in a stream near a prison—all these things reverberate in the North. Every appropriation voted for Thieu by the U.S. Congress is noted in the DRVN with quiet anger. The North Vietnamese gaze at the shattered buildings, estimate the cost in years and money to rebuild the houses and schools and hospitals and factories, worry about relatives in prison in the South, and weigh the words of the Paris Agreement which assert that the United States will contribute to healing the wounds of war. No such help has been forthcoming; instead, U.S. reconnaissance planes fly repeatedly over DRVN territory; and the battles in the South grow more furious each day.

On October 15, while we were in Hanoi, the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) issued a command to the Liberation Forces in the South to "fight back at the Saigon administration, as long as it has not discontinued its war acts, in any place and with appropriate forms and force. . . ." The order specifically authorizes the Liberation Forces to not only repel attacks but to counterattack against the bases from which they are launched. Current reports in the U.S. press of "Communist" attacks upon Saigon bases should be understood in the light of this generally unreported order.

In its statement, the People's Liberation Armed Forces



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detailed some of the violations of the Paris Agreement:

> It [the United States and the Saigon administration] has frantically conducted a "special Pacification Program" by subjecting our compatriots, in the town and the countryside alike, to arrests, terror and very savage massacres.
>
> It has been nibbling at many areas controlled by the RSVN PRG in western Thua Thien, in the central plains, in western Kentum and in Cai Lay and Chuong Thien. Right now it is mustering a big force to nibble at the liberated areas in western Pleiku.
>
> Most recently, on October 3 and 11, it used aircraft to conduct wanton bombings on many populous areas deep in the PRG's territory in Tay Ninh and Thu Dau Mot.

Two days later, the Foreign Ministry of the DRVN issued the following communiqué: "The United States, at 18:10 hours on October 16, used its aircraft to make an intrusion in the air space of the DRVN and reconnoiter a number of areas of Thanh Hoa province." The statement went on to denounce the overflight as a serious violation of the Paris Agreement and of the June 13, 1973 Joint Communiqué, and to demand strict implementation of the agreements in the future.

Faced with these conditions, reconstruction in North Vietnam is carried on in an atmosphere of tension and bitterness. While several friendly nations provide material and technical assistance, American visitors are frequently told, "It is the responsibility of the United States to repair what it has damaged." During our stay at the Reunification Hotel in Hanoi, we met a West German team of hospital administrators. A Catholic priest who is a member of the team remarked to us as we sat down to dinner, "We feel that America is not doing right in Vietnam."

Cuba has provided not only technical help but food for its technicians, to eliminate any possible burden for the Vietnamese. Russian technicians abound, and a delegation of Chinese specialists was in Hanoi when we were there. Sweden has given a great deal of help, in both money and materials, and among the foreigners at the hotel was an East German telecommunications engineer who had been sent to Hanoi by his government to help in that field.

At night children play Ping-Pong in the parks, and young couples sit watching the lights reflected in Sword Lake and undoubtedly making plans for the future, like young lovers everywhere. One Saturday night I attended a concert in the park near our hotel. The grounds around the pavilion were jammed with families, couples, children, the young and the old. Almost nightly in Hanoi a circus is given by performers from the circus school maintained by the government. Life goes on; people joke and laugh, and dream and build. But until the United States ceases all aid to Thieu and undertakes to implement fully its commitments outlined in the Paris Agreement, the people of North Vietnam will continue to work with "one hand on a plow, one hand on a gun." □

## LETTERS *(Continued from page 610)*

(*3*) The use of very large crude carriers (VLCC's) and deep-water terminals would *decrease* the danger of oil spills in oil transport. This has been attested to by many witnesses at Congressional hearings on the subject, including the Council on Environmental Quality. Several independent groups have analyzed the problem and concluded that the anticipated oil spillage from VLCC's using deep-water terminals would be ten times less than if standard-sized 50,000 dead-weight ton tankers were used.

(*4*) Two other points should be corrected. First, the Council on Environmental Quality hearings were open to all speakers, and—certainly—"prime time" was not given to the petroleum industry, as Mr. Bernstein asserted.

And, second, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration is presently conducting a number of fish and marine ecology studies—as well as charting operations—in many areas along the Atlantic Shelf, including the New York Bight area.

In a time when our nation's economic lifeblood—usable energy—is in short supply, articles which spread erroneous ideas do a real disservice to the public.

*Wilson M. Laird, Director*
*Committee on Exploration*
*American Petroleum Institute*

### influence on the U.N.

*New York City*

DEAR SIRS: Twenty years ago *The Nation* was almost alone among publications in speaking for the principles of justice and world order on which the United Nations was founded, at a time when these were overthrown by the United Nations itself in appeasement of national pressures and of McCarthyism. I am thus especially pleased that my article on the urgency for United Nations reform appeared in your issue of October 22.

A number of my words and phrases were, however, altered without my knowledge; and of these I would like to mention two in particular. I believe that my original title, "The World Community versus the United Nations," conveyed my theme to better advantage than the published title, "The United Nations: Elderly Orphan." I was also concerned to see my factual statement that the United Nations, over a period of almost thirty years, has expended "tens of billions of dollars" reduced to "tens of millions"—tens of millions being what the United Nations disburses in a single month. My intention in both these cases was to counter the prevalent impression that the international apparatus is a negligible responsibility on the public, or that its ineffectuality is remote from public influence. Only by recognizing the political and humanitarian failure of the United Nations as an abuse of public trust can public pressure be stimulated toward the reconstitution of the international concept in an active, responsive and contemporary form.

*Shirley Hazzard*

### Raymond Chandler

DEAR SIRS: I have been commissioned by Raymond Chandler's executrix to write his official biography. I should be most grateful to hear from those having any of his letters and papers and am especially anxious to talk to people who knew him. Any information will reach me at School of the Arts, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027.

*Frank MacShane*

### correction

By an error in editing, Harold Clurman was made to say in his November 26th column that Mark Medoff is the author of *The Hot L Baltimore*. The play is the work of Lanford Wilson.

*Editors*



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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## At the Grave of Wilfred Owen

**GEORGE MAYBERRY**

Recently I received the annual birthday package from my daughter in Brussels and, with the splendid new shirt and the beautifully laundered remnants of my last visit, there were two snapshots of the corner of a French village cemetery and a posed postcard of a handsome young man in an English officer's uniform of the First World War. The snapshots were taken last summer by either Ted or Kate Rawes, an English couple who had taken me with them in search of the grave of the young officer, Lieut. Wilfred Edward Salter Owen, M.C. As Armistice Day approached and the anniversary of Owen's death—he was killed in action at the age of 25 on the morning of November 4, 1918, a few miles north of his grave in the village of Landrécies—I felt compelled to set down an account of that pilgrimage and its genesis in what Owen's short life and his work have meant to me and many of my generation; the birthday I refer to was my 60th.

Wilfred Owen was born on March 18, 1893 (were he alive now he would be 80; not a bad age for poets, as Euripides and Thomas Hardy, two forerunners he resembles, might say). His parents were middle class, genteel poor like those of our own Emerson and Hawthorne. His formal education was curtailed by illness and lack of money. In 1913 he was teaching at a Berlitz school in Bordeaux (cf. Joyce in Trieste). But before he was 18, his sole determination was to be a poet; for good and ill, his idol was Keats. In 1916 he was commissioned and sent to France, but between March 1917, and August 31 or September 1, 1918, he was in Britain, mostly for treatment of "neurasthenia." During this period he met Siegfried Sassoon, fellow poet, "neurasthenic," and superior officer, whose poetry influenced him somewhat, but whose personality and beliefs affected him enormously. Returned to France, he was awarded the Military Cross on October 1, 1918, and was killed a month later.

In 1920 Owen's *Poems* appeared, with an introduction by Sassoon. It was reprinted in 1921, and in 1931 a fairly complete edition of the poems was published, with a magnificent memoir and notes by Edmund Blunden. With corrections, this was the basis of the popular Phoenix Library edition, and in the United States of the New Directions edition (1946, with several reprintings). In 1964, New Directions also reprinted the 1963 Chatto & Windus *Collected Poems of Wilfred Owen*, edited with an introduction and notes by C. Day Lewis, and including a memoir by Edmund Blunden.

Possibly of more importance, in the course of time Owen's poems began to appear with greater frequency in anthologies, particularly after the emergence of Auden, Spender and MacNeice, and of Day Lewis who praised Owen and whose work was visibly indebted to his. The greatest English musician of that period, Benjamin Britten, used a number of the poems in his *War Requiem* of 1962. There were significant silences, of course: in this country, the most influential college text of the century, Brooks and Warren's *Understanding Poetry*, omits him. And detractors: Yeat's idiosyncratic edition of *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* not only excludes Owen but says why—uncharitably.

But let two poets speak, on the other side, for many. First the Irish-born poet laureate, Cecil Day Lewis:

> Looking once again at this poetry, thirty-five years after I first read it, I realize how much it has become part of my life and my thinking—so much so that I could hardly attempt dispassionate criticism of it. Now, as then, I find Owen's war poetry most remarkable for its range of feeling and for the striking-power of individual lines. "He's lost his colour very far from here" would stand out even in a play by Shakespeare or Webster: "Was it for this the clay grew tall?" has a Sophoclean magnificence and simplicity. Ranging from the visionary heights of "Strange Meeting" or "The Show" to the brutal, close-up realism of "Mental Cases" or "The Dead Beat," from the acrid indignation of such poems as *"Dulce et Decorum Est"* to the unsentimental pity of "Futility" or "Conscious," and from the lyricism of "The Send-Off" to the nervous dramatic energy we find in "Spring Offensive," the war poems reveal Owen as a poet superbly equipped in technique and temperament alike. He was not afraid to be eloquent; and because he was speaking urgently for others, not for self-aggrandisement, his eloquence never ballooned into rhetoric. The war experience purged him of self-pity and poetic nostalgia. During his great productive year, the pressure of his imaginative sympathy was high and constant, creating poems that will remain momentous long after the circumstances that prompted them have become just another war in the history books. They, and the best of his poems not directly concerned with war, are in language and character all of a piece.

And the American poet, the late Randall Jarrell:

> A poet in the true sense of the word, someone who has shown to us one of those worlds which, after we have been shown it, we call the real world.

I met the Raweses—Ted and Kate—a few summers ago at a party in my daughter's apartment in Frankfurt where she (my daughter) was then principal of the American School. Because I was considerably older than the other guests, because I spoke no German and little French, because I was still in a heavy cast from an ill-timed plunge in Acapulco the summer before—and because I had been touted (mistakenly) as an authority on military history—Ted, as it soon became apparent, had been assigned to put me at ease. And as it soon became apparent that he knew much more about the American Civil War than I, we settled on education in Britain and the United States. Nevertheless, we eventually came back to military history—rather, to an aspect of it that had long interested me and, as it turned out, the Raweses.

To summarize the conversation—predominantly my part of it, with, I recall, strong demurrers by Ted and Kate at my chastisement of Roosevelt and Churchill:

It is a truism of history that the rise of fascism—in particular the success of Hitler—was due to lack of military preparedness on the part of the democracies, and that a significant contribution to that lack of preparedness had been the anti-war writings (to confine ourselves to American and British authors) of Cummings, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Robert Graves, Sassoon, Isaac Rosenfeld and Owen—all volunteers, most of them officers, and the last two by the end of the year 1918, dead.

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*George Mayberry is a former literary editor of* The New Republic. *This article is part of his forthcoming book,* The Higher Learning in America: Version Three.



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One argument was that those men wrote too devastatingly well; but no historian has suggested that Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier," John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields," and Guy Empey's *Over the Top*, had they sustained their popularity, might have saved Ethiopia, the Rhineland, the Sudetenland and Spain, all of which were lost with the connivance of the heroes of the received historians. One thing was clear to those who had really read the honest chroniclers of the Great War (it is sentimental and sometimes inaccurate to call them pacifists): if statesmen had acted on their observations—particularly those of Wilfred Owen—there would have been no rise of fascism, and, instead of Stalinism we might possibly have seen "socialism with a human face."

At one point I recall saying that of that literature I remembered most poignantly one of its last manifestations in *Tender Is the Night* (1934), the episode of Dick Diver's visit to the battlefields north and east of Amiens. The title, of course, is from "Ode to a Nightingale"; as he was for Owen, Keats was Fitzgerald's favorite poet. My daughter had joined us by now and she brought the Fitzgerald novel to us.

> Dick turned the corner of the traverse and continued along the trench walking on the duckboard. . . . "See that little stream—we could walk to it in two minutes. It took the British a month to walk to it—a whole empire walking very slowly, dying in front and pushing forward behind. And another empire walked very slowly backward a few inches a day, leaving the dead like a million bloody rugs. . . ."

The word "duckboard" struck a chord, and back in the United States, rereading Edmund Blunden's memoir appended to his 1931 edition of Owen's poems, I found out why. In describing the soldier's last day (Owen was company commander) Blunden had written, "On November 4, 1918, [he] was endeavouring to pass his company over the Sambre Canal. . . . The Engineers who were trying to bridge the Canal almost all became casualties. Owen took a hand with some duckboards or planks, and was at the water's edge helping his men to fix them when he was hit and killed." There is another fascinating repetition of a word; this time within the Owen canon. A Mrs. Mary Gray wrote of him as of 1917 when Owen had been invalided to Scotland: "The bond which drew us together was an intense pity for suffering humanity. . . . He had a wonderful tenderness . . . that tenderness and a wonderful smile." Less than a year later, back at the front, Owen writes Sassoon that he has been recommended for the Military Cross, which he was awarded, "after having taken a few machine guns . . . I only shot one man with my revolver (at about thirty yards!); the others I took with a smile." I am not being facetious here; I like to think that that pity and tenderness for suffering humanity extended to the German soldier—he had been studying German during his stay in Scotland—and mitigates the levity of part of this letter. Frank Nicholson, librarian of Edinburgh University, who aided Owen's attempts at German, says: "He had brought with him from the Front a very keen realization of the agony which the combatant nations, one and all, were enduring, and his sense of pity . . . enabled him to regard Germany

PEOPLE ARE . . .

*We forget that some things are only*
*a summary of their season.*

*The lilac buds swell with scent*
*pinch back to death each May*
*while the buildings climb blind*
*window by window into the sun.*

*Above the lilacs' odor*
*thick as taffy*
*the city rises*

*each concrete chrysalis obdurate*
*against the sky*
*over this perishable perfume.*

*If it is not true that energy*
*is never more or less,*

*never destroyed or made*
*always transplanted—*
*bloom to the blundering litter of autumn*

*and there is a slow leak of energy*
*a soft hiss*
*in the tire of the universe*
*and it is true*

*that in each metamorphosis*
*a little more is lost,*
*that bloom becomes oblivion,*

*then no wonder we make pyramids*
*and no deposit bottles*

*try to make*
*what is dead stand*
*for what lives*

*force the inorganic*
*into the pose of the organism—*
*every statue an attempt at what*
*we may never be*

*and we are only a series of framed moments*
*repeated in the dark*
*slowly loosing our image*
*to the intransigent light*

*as trapped in finity*
*we try to forget*
*people are*
*bio*
*degradable.*

Karen Swenson



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as a fellow-sufferer with the rest and made him wish, I think, to prepare himself for any future opportunities of holding intercourse with the Germans."

And variants among the drafts in the British Museum of one of the lines of his poem, "Strange Meeting,"

*I am the enemy you killed, my friend*

read thus:

*I was a German conscript, and your friend.*
*I am the German whom you killed, my friend.*

Another passage of *Tender Is the Night* had struck a sharper chord with Ted:

> Then, leaving infinitesimal sections of Württembergers, Prussian Guards, Chasseurs Alpins, Manchester mill hands and old Etonians to pursue their eternal dissolution under the warm rain, they took the train for Paris.

"Owen," Ted said, "was with the Manchester Regiment."

Although in 1913 Owen had written his mother that he was no longer a Christian ("I have murdered my false creed"), paradoxically perhaps, but not in contradiction, he writes in 1917 while in hospital on the Somme:

> Already I have comprehended a light which never will filter into the dogma of any national church: namely, that one of Christ's essential commands was: Passivity at any price! Suffer dishonor and disgrace, but never resort to arms. Be bullied, be outraged, be killed; but do not kill. It may be a chimerical and an ignominious principle, but there it is. It can only be ignored; and I think pulpit professionals are ignoring it very skilfully and successfully indeed. . . . And am I not myself a conscientious objector with a very seared conscience? . . . Christ is literally in "no man's land." There men often hear His voice: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend. Is it spoken in English only and French? I do not believe so. Thus you see how pure Christianity will not fit in with pure patriotism.

Why, then did Owen go back? There is medical evidence that he need not have gone back, but more important, what overcame his apparent reacceptance of the Sermon on the Mount? Day Lewis has summed up a main part of the argument: "Wilfred Owen went back to the front line because he felt that there he would be in a stronger position to voice his protest against the war and speak for his comrades." Two poet contemporaries of Owen knew more. In one of his last letters to Sassoon, Owen wrote, "You said it would be a good thing for my poetry if I went back." And Blunden concludes his memoir, "Owen was preparing himself to the last moment in experience, observation, and composition for a volume of poems. . . ." He was a great human being; but above all and unto this last (Ruskin was one of his favorites) he was a poet. It is the poems of course that matter, but one valuable by-product emerged early. After Owen, no genuine poet—and we will agree that Shakespeare, Tennyson and, yes, Rupert Brooke were genuine poets—has ever trumpeted the glory of war. Still it was a decorated infantry officer who wrote *the* poems of World War I (equaled only and tangentially by "Gerontion" and "The Waste Land"; *the* poem—to my more limited knowledge—of World War II was written by a home-front fire watcher, "A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London."

At Christmas I was again in Germany, and dined with the Raweses at the villa they had rented—a miniature Berchtesgaden overlooking Heidelberg. Among the gifts were McPherson's *The Negro's Civil War* to Ted from me; in return I got Blunden's *Undertones of War* which should be as well known as Graves's *Goodbye to All That* or Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*. Our last conversation had not been forgotten; Ted had made some inquiries. At his death, Owen had been a *pro tem* company commander of the 2nd Manchesters, but there was no record of his burial. This was not surprising for casualties were often interred in the nearest graveyard—"some corner of a foreign field."

I was returning to Europe in the summer. By then my daughter and her husband would have moved to Brussels; Ted and Kate would be leaving Germany for England by car and would pick me up for a tour of Flanders and, possibly, the discovery of the grave.

On a wet morning in late July (we were in the next thirty hours to experience all the varieties of weather described by Owen in what passes for summer in that part of the world), I took the train from Brussels to Mons where the Raweses met me with their new British car packed for home, and with a formidable array of maps. We spent the day touring official grave sites, large areas of manicured lawns surrounding marble or limestone structures.


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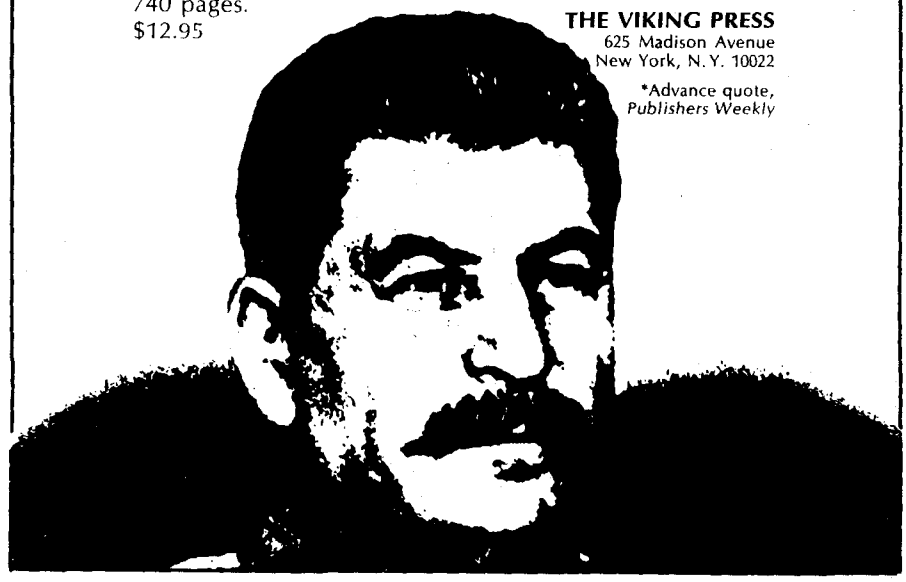




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But nowhere in the long lists of the Manchesters was there a Wilfred—or W.E.S.—Owen. While driving, Ted or Kate would catch a glimpse of a few scattered headstones in a field and we would clump among ruts and cow chips, in vain. The next day we concentrated on village graveyards. From hints picked up at an inn where we lunched we found the small squarish cemetery on the edge of a village where, in a corner but set only slightly apart from the crowded markers and small monuments of the natives, were some fifty of the now familiar stone slabs with the slightly rounded top that indicated British graves. Were most of them those of the Engineers? In the rear row against a hedge that separated it from a now sunlit field was the grave of Lieut. Wilfred Owen.

It is right that he is here among Gallic villagers and not in one of the official mausoleums ("homes for heroes"), because six days before he was killed he wrote: "The civilians here are a wretched, dirty, crawling community, afraid of *us*, some of them, and no wonder, after the shelling we gave them three weeks ago. Did I tell you that five healthy girls died of fright in one night at the last village? The people in England and France who thwarted a peaceable retirement of the enemy from these areas are therefore now sacrificing aged French peasants and charming French children to our guns. Shells made by women in Birmingham are at this moment burying little children alive not very far from here."

To an American how pointed a reminder of Vietnam and Cambodia. "We destroyed the village to save it." Then, to paraphrase Fitzgerald, leaving infinitesimal sections of French villagers and peasants, of all ages and sexes, Manchester mill hands, and at least one poet, and, possibly, old Etonians to pursue their eternal dissolution under the warm sun, we drove to Brussels. □

# Penultimate Pavane in Venice

TEMPORARY KINGS. *By Anthony Powell. Little, Brown and Co. 280 pp. $6.95.*

**ROBERT K. MORRIS**

Twenty-two years and eleven volumes ago, Anthony Powell began choreographing Nicholas Jenkins and his circle in the first steps of their "dance to the music of time." For more than two decades they have tripped it lightly through prep school and college, a bit more staidly in the worlds of business and love, at once somberly and fantastically over the shoals of marriage and divorce, and darkly through the years of the Second Great War and beyond. Along the route many of the old gang have dropped out; newcomers have joined in. But from about the fifth volume on (*Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*) it was apparent that an orchestration of decay and death was beginning to overpower the theme of comedy and to restrict the movements of all the characters. Now, with the last volume but one in, the *perpetuum mobile* has wound down to a sad pavane as the "old greybeard Time" gets ready to strum the final chords, pack up his lute, and exeunt with the dancers.

Most of these penultimate steps of Powell's decelerating dance of death take place in Venice, where Nick Jenkins, the narrator, is reluctantly attending an international cultural council. The luminary of the arts conference was to have been a famous, left-wing French novelist, Ferrand-Sénéschal, but he does not appear because he has just died in London in the arms of Pamela Widmerpool—with her husband looking on. Lady Widmerpool, however, does appear: not with the recently knighted Lord Kenneth but with Louis Glober, a middle-aged, sexually athletic, American movie magnate who is thinking of starring Pamela in a film based on X. Trapnel's last novel.

Indeed, the Trapnel charisma has fascinated yet another American at the conference, one Russell Gwinnett, a handsome, aloof, but sexually provocative professor who is writing a biography of the late author and is interested in interviewing Pamela. It was she (one may remember from *Books Do Furnish a Room*) who simultaneously scrapped Trapnel and the novel, causing the one to commit suicide, and committing the other, piecemeal, to the Thames. As Gwinnett's involvement with Pamela soon becomes something other than scholarly—at their initial interview in a Venetian church she seizes his private parts—so his literary detective work proves other than ploddingly professional. As a matter of fact, it blows the lid off a pot boiling with personal and political scandal, perversion, and foreign intrigue and espionage. Gwinnett himself opts out of the fatal muddle by giving up his university post to teach water skiing on the Costa del Sol (thereby setting a new and salubrious high for perishing academics), but not before he has a hand in Widmerpool's further fall from political and marital grace and Pamela's suicide in London.

This is scarcely half the plot; and, indeed, the entire story makes up but one tone cluster in Powell's thick-textured and complex symphonic structure. On the one hand, his bizarre, gothic turns hypnotize us into reading until all the parts of the puzzle fit together. But every allusion to a character or an incident from an earlier volume makes one go—as Nick himself does—through "the process of recalling." Not since Proust has a writer demanded of his readers so total a recall of the disparate bits and pieces of a fictional past to make the present explicable.

For example: the Italian street singer, singing the well-known ditty about the funicular railway at the opening of *Temporary Kings*, is intended to parallel the singer in the first scene of *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant*, the principal image of which book is a ghost railway careering (like England's prewar society) to some treacherous, sinister shape across the line. Such mental glossing makes us link the artist-lover Casanova (who was born in Venice and later, under sentence of death, escaped to Paris) with the destructive seductions common to both novels, and with the sexual insufficiencies or eccentricities of those attending the conference. Again: Widmerpool's failure to hunt up a taxi toward the end of the novel is not only a sign of his general impotence and flagging will, but a reference to his old ability of somehow making taxis materialize—as he does at the conclusion of *A Buyer's Market*.

Yet while these and a dozen more remembrances of things past introduce a

*Robert Morris has written several books of criticism on British fiction and frequently reviews contemporary fiction.*

SALT LICK

*Some places the dirt is*
*seasoned rich as marrow,*
*smokehouse drippings.*
*Bright vein opens a treasury*
*once quarried by runoff.*
*Cures dead*
*flesh and conducts*
*moisture to itself. Still*
*thirsty.*
*Runs in and fills an old*
*wound in the dirt.*
*Dried landsweat. Whets*
*water, gives soil a tooth.*
*Deserts taste the ocean.*

Robert Morgan



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kind of historic solidity and literalness to Powell's threnody of change, the reader is soon aware that less of the unfolding action is taking place under Venetian skies than under a widening dome of myth. We know by page 7 that the phrase "temporary kings" comes from a chapter in Frazer's *Golden Bough*, and by the end of the book that the title not only refers to the delegates at the arts congress, but to all those characters in volumes past and present who have arrived at the top only to be deposed: Widmerpool, Magnus-Donners, Commander Foxe, Trapnel, Glober, Gwinnett and, by intimation, possibly Nick too. We know that a subsequent punning allusion to Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* is to put us on the *qui vive* for a love-death motif; that a nodding reference to Iphigenia (who was sacrificed by her father, King Agamemnon) makes ironic point-counterpoint with the Pamela-Gwinnett liaison. A Tiepolo ceiling depicting King Candaules exhibiting his nude wife to the shepherd Gyges (who later murdered the king and married the queen) is related to the voyeuristic practices of Widmerpool, who was in on the delights of Pamela and Ferrand-Sénéschal just before the writer's heart failed from overexertion. And a benefit performance in London of Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio*—it, too, concerned with kings—is the occasion for the last bow of Hugh Moreland and many others of the old crowd, fluttering like ghosts into the wings and out of the novel forever.

In one way we can marvel at *Temporary Kings* as being to date Powell's greatest feast of mythic allusion, liberally salted and peppered with overtones of love and sex and death. But in another way it embodies a grim metaphysic that transcends the explicit ingenuities of style, theme and plot, and approaches the near-final statement that Powell must make in the end. Such a statement has been latent in the series longer than one imagines. Previously it was scattered over the eleven volumes—in the deaths of the painter Deacon and the novelist St. John Clarke, and in the suicides of Maclintick, Barnby and Trapnel—a musician, a painter and a writer respectively; in the present volume it inheres in the myths drawn from literature (Frazer), painting (Tiepolo), and music (Mozart). What I am implying is that Powell's preoccupation throughout the series with the artist's death, and with art in general as being representative of mutability and decay, has been transferred to the imminent death of one work of art in particular. *Temporary Kings* does not merely view the passing of friends, family, society and culture; it looks on, inevitably, at the passing of Powell's great sequence itself.

I say "looks on at," for a novel so wrapped up in voyeuristic imagery tells its own tale: or rather, a tale that we might have realized Powell was telling all along. For like Proust, Powell is one of the supreme voyeuristic novelists of our era. His surrogate, Nick Jenkins (like Proust's "Marcel"), has been looking on these twenty years, and patiently transcribing the decline and fall of his class and his world. No detail of the lives of others has escaped him. Though he has been loath to comment on his own life, almost to the point of a maddening selflessness, the reader has understood it to have become a fine, tough web of knowledge and experience spun from the fragile threads of those around him. Now Jenkins/Powell is preparing to cut the threads.

And here, I think, all the obvious comparisons with Proust end. We can expect no gathering of strands in the last volume of *The Music of Time*, no *recueillement* as in Proust's *The Past Recaptured*. For there are scarcely any strands left to gather. Of the old boys, Nick, nearing 60 in 1958 (the year during which *Temporary Kings* is set), and a broken Widmerpool are about the only ones left; and save for a few motley peripheral talents, Nick is the only artist left. Powell, who is as sensitive to the play of time and art as anyone who has ever written about them, must be torn between urgency and reluctance in completing what will undoubtedly be one of the masterpieces of our language. One senses this conflict, as well as detects the click of fate's shears in Nick's words to Widmerpool on the last page of *Temporary Kings*: "I must be getting on. There's a lot to do. I want to get home before dark." □

# Portrait of a Woman

MARILYN: An Untold Story. *By Norman Rosten. New American Library. Signet Paperback. 125 pp. $1.25.*

**ALVAH BESSIE**

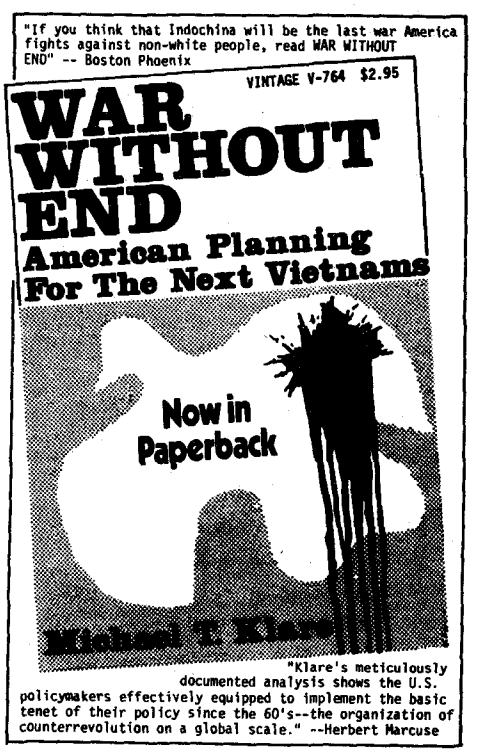
It is one of the finer ironies of our time that a small literary work of large accomplishment—in terms of style, content and compassionate understanding of its subject—might easily have been lost in the floods of publicity generated by the nonbook of the year. For Norman Rosten's intimate memoir of Marilyn Monroe appeared almost simultaneously with Norman Mailer's $19.95 derogation of the dead actress; as things stand, it can serve as an antidote to that meretricious production, since it has sold out its first paperback printing of 200,000 copies and is apparently selling steadily in its second printing.

Rosten is a poet and playwright of solid achievement, and he has a social conscience that has sharpened his insights into character. He was also an intimate friend of Marilyn Monroe for many years. Does that make his account of the woman biased? Not in the least, for his love for her as a person, which speaks eloquently from every page of his book, also made it possible for him to understand her weaknesses as a human being, and her shortcomings as a wife and theatrical artist.

*Alvah Bessie is a screen writer and critic, who has also published four novels, two nonfiction narratives and many short stories and essays.*

The first thing a reader of both books will discover is that the two authors are not writing about the same person, for the Marilyn of the "novel biography," which its writer derived from the work of other men and from an unfettered imagination, in no way resembles the Marilyn of Rosten's personal history. That is the point. They are not the same woman—one existed, one did not.

While the nonbook does malign Mon-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roe, Rosten neither glorifies nor sensationalizes her: he reports her cause aright to the unsatisfied. We find in his memoir an essentially simple young woman who loves passionately everything that lives, who writes verse—uninspired, but touching nevertheless—to express what she cannot convey in personal relationships or in conversation, and who was capable of facing death by drowning without panic. Rosten presents Marilyn as a friend of the family; as a modest and unassuming person when she was not called upon to act "the star": as a serious artist painfully aware of her limitations and dedicated to overcoming them—to mastering her craft and her art.

That the traumatized life she had lived as a child was almost certainly reflected in the life she lived thereafter is also made clear in Rosten's narrative. It is quite evident, too, that the motion-picture industry itself augmented and complicated her troubles. The reader of this book will learn more about Marilyn, about how deeply she loved life and how persistently she sought death, than can be found in anything else that has been written about her. And Rosten's insight is particularly acute in the passages that deal with the last months of Marilyn's life:

> A hidden drama was exploding. She was demanding something, a desperate question, the heart's innermost mystery —a question impossible for any mortal to answer. The tenderness of love, the brutality, the meaning if it existed, what was it, how to feel, recognize, be protected against [it]? Everything inscrutable was in her question. The truth was—it struck me with sudden force—she was falling apart. This was the moment of her total bewilderment. Had she come home for the debacle, the ultimate letting go? Was Hollywood, the most unreal city, to be the fated crypt of her unreal daughter? □

# In the Classical Tradition

SELECTED PROSE 1909-1965. *By Ezra Pound. Edited, with an introduction by William Cookson. New Directions. 475 pp. $15.*

**HARRIET ZINNES**

Once when Donald Sutherland asked Alice B. Toklas what Gertrude Stein had thought about Walt Whitman, she replied, as Sutherland reports it, "Gertrude thought there was nothing wrong with him except that he was over." Whatever one can say about Ezra Pound, one can hardly say in the year 1973 that he is "over." This man from Hailey, Idaho, who in exile liberated American poetry from effeteness, decoration, rhetoric, from a rhythm resembling that of the metronome, is still influencing poets from Allen Ginsberg to Robert Bly. Pound, dead in Venice, on November 2, 1972, at the age of 87, left more to poets, however, than his well-known poetic dicta. His "don'ts" may have overturned the traditional poetic line, hardened diction, and restored the natural object to its rightful center in the poet's vision, but his propaganda, whether accurate or pernicious, had an even more revolutionary effect: it gave back to the poem its political and economic subject matter. The neo-epic was born.

Though the confessional school has set poetry back at least a decade (to paraphrase Williams on the publication of *The Waste Land*), there are signs that poets are beginning to realize that looking at their own navels is an infantile preoccupation, or what Pound has described as a "howl[ing] and weep[ing]" out of the "lavender sachet." In an article published in *The New England Weekly* in 1935 that is collected in this long overdue edition of the poet's *Selected Prose 1909-1965*, Pound summed up in one of his most significant critical statements why infantilism is not art: "A work of art, any serious work," he wrote, "vivifies a man's total perception of relations." Those relations reflect the status of the body politic, not, in the manner of the confessional poets, the status of the poet's physical body, in love or in decay. Pound realizes that "a work of art need not contain any statement of a political or of a social or of a philosophical conviction, but it nearly always implies one"—unless of course the writer is willing to succumb, to quote Pound again, to a "mere relaxation, slumber stuff, escape mechanisms," to the "bric-a-brac category."

Cookson, in this essential book for the study of Pound, has gathered together sixty-six prose pieces, many of which have long been difficult to obtain or have been published only in part before. Opening the text with the Poundian epigraph (1915), "The Essential thing in a poet is that he builds us his world," Cookson demonstrates through his prose selections that Pound's world has not only a "unity" of vision and an "integrity of . . . concerns," but that these concerns, because they go beyond aesthetics into large questions of economics and history, "give the *Cantos* order and profundity," and establish the greatness of Ezra Pound.

Do the selections justify these conclusions? Is the fact that he writes about large questions enough in itself to establish the seriousness of the writer? How much in Pound is hysteria, crankiness, how much solid and significant thinking? Is it possible to weigh Pound's anti-Semitism (Cookson in the face even of Pound's own recent abject confession of his guilt to Allen Ginsberg categorically says it is "false to label him an anti-Semite") and see it as a medievalist's outrage at "usury" and not as political and racist? Is it possible to read Pound's broadcasts delivered during the war and to see them as statements of an isolated, exiled American citizen who thought he was protecting the Constitution and merely bringing up to date the democracy of Jefferson and Van Buren—as Pound himself thought? Questions of this kind can scarcely be answered categorically. Pound was often an angry man, his polemics often incoherent, his language hysterical if not paranoid. But other classicists, like Swift, have been cloacal in their abuse, or savage like Pope, or basely insulting and megalomaniacal, like Milton. One doesn't excuse these traits. One simply recognizes that for the passionate political man —particularly if he thinks self-righteously that he is upholding justice and liberty—his opponent is weak, pernicious and an ass. That is not to say that all this vituperation does not matter, does not add up to a total vision. But I am not so sure that the man who errs and later admits his error—as Pound does in his statement to Allen Ginsberg, saying that in his anti-Semitism at least he was "parochial"—is not the better man than the one who wrote *After Strange Gods* without subsequent apology.

What is remarkable in these essays is the passion and the consistency of Pound's thinking. Early on, the poet reveals the close association in his mind between money and art. In 1935 he thought that the abuses of economics, what he called "usury," manifested themselves "in England's versification." It was not a quack's remark! In 1960 he was writing, "Civilisation depends on local control of purchasing power needed for local purposes."

---

*Harriet Zinnes teaches English at Queens College, the City University of New York. She is the author of* An Eye for an I; *a selection of her prose poems entitled "Entropisms" has just appeared in* New Directions 27.



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LIKE A STRANGER

*The wind in the plum bough*
*disturbs the moon;*

*she hides behind a gray veil,*
*and re-appearing,*

*like a stranger,*
*pretends we only met.*

Archie Minasian

It is not my intention to try to establish the validity of Pound's ideas on money, but the very fact that he had them, that he perceived that the "total perception of relations" included economics, seems to me to establish at least one necessary element in determining the magnitude of his art. It is clearly not, after all, as an economist or political writer that Pound will be remembered, but to separate Pound the poet from Pound the economic and political thinker is futile because in him the two functions were inseparable. On every page of his political and economic writings, what emerges is the poet's deep and practical concern for economic justice. In his famous pamphlet, *What Is Money For*, Pound writes in 1939: "The AIM of a sane and decent economic system is to fix things so that decent people can eat, have clothes and houses up to the limit of available goods." Pound in fact even decried the intellectual's concern with Freud and sex, and made the cogent point that "For every man with an anxiety state due to sex, there are nine and ninety with an anxiety state due to lack of purchasing power, or anticipation of same."

Pound's remarks on inflation, on the shortening of the working day, on overtime (not for work but for a leisure devoted to anything that enables a man to enjoy a richer life, whether it be through fishing or writing or reading poems), on a national dividend that anticipated Senator McGovern's campaign proposal to give $1,000 a year to every American citizen, on the relation between war and the economy, on environmental waste and abuse, on the significance of what, quoting from John Adams, Pound calls "downright ignorance of the nature of coin, credit, and circulation"—all of these concerns indicate a Pound coming from the classical tradition: the poet who sees the ills of society corrupting man, morals, and the poetic line.

What it also indicates is that Pound, far off in Rapallo, Italy, was intimately concerned with America's welfare. He worked hard for economic reform even if only in terms proposed by such thinkers as Silvio Gesell and C.H. Douglas. Social credit may be a crank's panacea but one must remember that Hugh MacDiarmid, as recently as 1965, wrote approvingly of Major Douglas in an essay on Pound that Cookson quotes:

> The values to be safeguarded in the Douglas Commmonwealth are Liberty, Leisure and Culture. The will-to-plenty of the individual is to be given satisfaction. . . .
>
> Systems were made for men, not men for systems (declared Major Douglas . . . ) and the interest of man, which is self-development, takes precedence over all systems, economic, political or theological. A ringing statement to come from an economist!

To Pound the clear definition of money was as necessary as linguistic precision. *Ching ming* (the precise definition of a word) was not a late afterthought to be cited in the *Cantos*. Pound like Pope saw corruption in language as a sign of corruption in the state. "With the falsification of the word," he writes in 1942 in Rome, "everything else is betrayed." A little later Pound wrote, "The treasure of a nation is its honesty." (Who on reading these words today will not remember Watergate?) Or, "Towards order in the state: the definition of the word." Pound wanted to free not only the poem from rhetoric and lies but all of language—because he wanted to save the state!

Cookson's volume includes more economic, political and religious than literary essays, yet there are interesting pieces on literature too. Particularly significant are Pound's articles or comments on "The Wisdom of Poetry," on the ideogrammic method, on Ford Madox Ford, Wyndham Lewis, Cocteau, Rémy de Gourmont, and on Eliot's *Selected Essays*, which he brutally attacks. Such statements as the following in Pound's attack hit the mark: "It would be hypocrisy to pretend that Eliot's essays are not aimed at professors and students." Or, "You might say that discussion of books ceases to be critical writing and becomes just the function of bureaucracy when the MAIN END (telos) is forgotten." Finally, "the critic is either a parasite or he is concerned with the growth of the next paideuma." (Cookson also includes, placing the words strategically at the very end of the volume, Pound's praise of Eliot on the poet's death—but Pound is a little ambiguous in his praise, ending his remarks with "READ HIM.")

Paideuma, as any Poundian knows (and indeed there is a new magazine on Pound studies with the word as title),


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is a favorite word of the poet, and again indicates the close association in his thinking of art with the polis. Leo Frobenius, an anthropologist whom Pound frequently quoted, had used the term to mean, as Pound explains, "the active element in the era, the complex of ideas which is in a given time germinal, reaching into the next epoch, but conditioning actively all the thought and action of its own time." If Eliot was not concerned with the "growth of the next paideuma," Pound certainly was, as this whole collection of essays demonstrates. This statement, written in 1938, however, has an especial relevance to Pound's awareness of paideuma: "From now on all war in Europe is civil war, it is a man tearing at his own viscera." These are the words not of a crank but of a poet of extraordinary political vision. In 1912 this same poet wrote: "As the abstract mathematician is to science so is the poet to the world's consciousness." A reading of these prose selections proves conclusively that Pound sought that consciousness with passion. By so doing he became what he wished to be—a true classicist, following a line of descent from his beloved Dante. □

## SEVENTEEN-YEAR POEM

*This year they are back in the light,*
*the periodic cicadas,*
*iridescent as Sleeping Beauty*
*must have been, coming up*
*after all those eyeless years.*

*Time capsules sprung from the ground,*
*mindless, remembering nothing,*
*they set us off:* Fifty-six.
*That was an election year;*
*we rented a T.V. set*
*that summer, Stevenson spoke to us*
*and we thought we could still be saved.*
*We had not heard of Vietnam.*
*We were not yet parents.*
*We lived in the city; they fell on our picnic,*
*quaint and not quite real.*

*Now they wake us each morning,*
*buzzsaws with a dying fall,*
*working all day, every day,*
*as long as the sun is out*
*in the heat we wilt from.*
*Such peculiar milestones*
*with popping orange eyes*
*and legs that do the crawl-stroke*
*when we hold their fiberglass wings,*
*their empty childhood shells*
*gregarious as campers*
*in a state park, hundreds*
*in one scrub hazel tree.*

*It is like midnight, New Year's Eve,*
*past and future equal.*
*We start new calendars—what will we be*
*in another seventeen years?*
*Cavafy's barbarians kick in the doors.*
*We have taken to wearing masks*
*and learned to speak like ventriloquists,*
*our voices secrets inside us.*
*Beethoven plays in the supermarket*
*a diluted Ode to Joy:*
*there is no return to innocence,*
*but there are days like today*
*when the cows come to the fence*
*and look at us calmly, without fear,*
*and we are happy.*

Lisel Mueller

# ART

## LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

A first-rate loan exhibition of Henri Matisse's paintings was held at the Acquavella Galleries in November to benefit the Kidney Dialysis Center of the Lenox Hill Hospital. To the pleasure of fifty-seven paintings from 1903 to 1951, the catalogue added the interest of an article by Clement Greenberg on the "Influences of Matisse." It is written in the no-nonsense, unfootnoted, "masculine" style he uses to consign other writers by contrast to Alexandrian preciosity. Here is an example: "I've just said that Matisse was far from being the only factor in the opening up and expanding of the Abstract Expressionist picture. There was also the later Monet (whose art Matisse himself seems to have been untouched by)." Greenberg writes rarely, so this text, which is longer and more solid than most of his later pieces, is worth attention.

In a famous statement, Matisse declared himself for "an art of balance," the mental equivalent of "a good armchair which provides relaxation from physical fatigue." Greenberg comments on that statement as follows: "I can't admire enough the kind of courage that *permitted* him to write for publication, back in 1908, that he dreamt of an art that would be like an easy-chair for the tired 'brain-worker'—that is, the businessman and the intellectual and even the bureaucrat, not the 'toiler.' And it was an art that would refresh the brain-worker rather than uplift him." Greenberg takes pleasure in Matisse's good manners in declaring his aims so unpretentiously. (It is attractive, compared to rhetorical stuff like Clyfford Still's claim that his paintings have the power of life, or of death if they are misused, projecting onto his art a curse such as those supposed to punish tomb violators in Egypt.) However, beyond Matisse's modesty, Greenberg welcomes the statement inasmuch as it suggests an art without messages, an art devoted to its own internal syntactical realization. It suggests to Greenberg an art of pure visual relations, though Matisse's statement as a whole relates to expression theory and deals with the role of nature in art. The full statement can be read, along with art historical annotation, in a new book,



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*Matisse on Art* by Jack D. Flam (Phaidon, $12.50).

Greenberg does not pay any attention to possible meanings extended beyond purely pictorial matters, but then nobody thought that he would. What he does is propose a role for Matisse in the formal development of Abstract Expressionist painting in New York, a subject Greenberg has signaled but not treated at any length before. The influential factors are two, color and touch. "What should be noticed is how Matisse laid on and stroked varying thinnesses of paint so that the white ground breathed as well as showed through." He adds the influence of "Matisse's 'aerated' surfaces" to the more familiar influence of Monet as precursor and inducer of the all-over and expansive form of American Abstract paintings. The first artists to bring Matisse's color/touch to American art are Hans Hofmann and Milton Avery. Greenberg mentions that Matisse's big "Bathers by a River," ca. 1916, could be seen in New York in the late 1930s. Certainly his own analysis of it makes it *sound* like a big Abstract Expressionist painting, but one would like to know more details than Greenberg gives. Names, dates and titles from the 1940s are needed to substantiate a statement like this: "It's as though American art, in its handling of paint and of the color of paint, has maintained French tradition more faithfully than French art itself has."

Greenberg says that Monet's influence "was particularly important to Barnett Newman and Clyfford Still and—indirectly—to Morris Louis as well as Rothko." Monet's influence can be seen in Still's paintings, but it is not visible in the same way in Newman's, although Newman deplored the neglect of Monet in the days of the ascendancy of geometric art. What does Greenberg mean by "indirectly" in the case of Louis or "as well as" in the case of Rothko? For lack of precision, Greenberg's discussion of French elements in American art remains vague.

Though he is unclear at the crucial point of European-American contact, he does not hesitate to claim the ongoing influence of Matisse's "heightened sensitivity of the pictorial surface" in artists after Abstract Expressionism. "It's this hypersensitivity that now summons (in the wake of Jules Olitski) those 'emptinesses' which invade the best of recent Abstract painting (in lieu of the all-over repetitions that likewise preserve the tautness and the continuum, but in a way that, since Pollock and Tobey, has become more or less academic except in the hands of a Noland or a Poons)." There are two ways of making all-over


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paintings: (*1*) by the repetition of similar forms or (*2*) by pure color, which Greenberg calls "emptiness" to dramatize the absence of modeling and volume.

It may be that the genealogy of Olitski is as Greenberg says, but if so it could be because Greenberg supplied Olitski with it. Certainly on one occasion, when Barnett Newman pressed him about his failure to make any statement about his own art, Noland said that he had somebody who did that for him—meaning Mr. Greenberg. Both Noland and Olitski are productive artists, but somewhat passive insofar as the initiation of ideas is concerned. At this point one begins to wonder about the function of history as Greenberg sees it. From the momentous contact of Matisse and the Abstract Expressionists, we have come, in a generation, to Olitski, Noland and Poons. It is not an exhilarating succession. Either the gifts of the later artists are less, or the practice on which their art is based is not a sustaining one. To the extent that Greenberg's ideas represent their ideas, it seems likely that there is some evidence for the latter view. For instance, Greenberg's essay opens with a defense of the word "decorative"—now discredited, he says, as a pejorative word. I thought the point was made years ago, but it needs to be taken in relation to Greenberg's simple view of commitment. This can be seen when he congratulates Matisse on making two of Greenberg's favorite paintings "during the darkest days of the First World War" and not letting it show. What Greenberg wants is to keep art as an object separate from art as a signifier. It is perhaps because of this attenuation of the ways in which life and art can be said to overlap that the artists who rely on Greenberg's ideas are doing so poorly. □


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# THEATRE

## HAROLD CLURMAN

From *Home of the Brave*, Arthur Laurents' first play, to *The Enclave*, his latest (Theatre Four: 420 West 55th Street) a leading theme may be discerned. Minority people, or those suffering from a difference that willy-nilly alienates them from the majority, must in the first place free themselves from any sense of inferiority or guilt. More crucial than this is the humane imperative for those in the majority to accept the differences of the minority—whether they be of national custom, race, religion or sexual disposition—on a level of equality. Since that is not commonly the case, the theme is still valid and important.

As a playwright Laurents is a sound craftsman, his material and concerns relevant and authentically felt. In *The Enclave*, however, his theme or "thesis" is obscured by his treatment of the play's ostensible subject, homosexuality. The enclave referred to in the title is at once a symbol of any organized community or segment of society, and an apartment house which a group of mutually congenial families, all of them of the educated middle class, have built for themselves. When one of the men, Ben, formerly on the staff of the State Department, now an executive of a cultural foundation, announces his divorce, it is regretted by his friends, but when he plans to bring his young (male) lover into their enclave, they are determined to oppose him.

That Laurents means to extend the significance of his play beyond its homosexual aspect is made apparent by introducing Roy Lee, Ben's black associate at the foundation, who resents being used, because of his "minority status" as a black man, to support the homosexual's struggle to remain within the enclave. Roy feels that he is no more received in full friendship by Ben than the latter is by his heterosexual friends. Neither truly respects the other. This parallels the situation in Laurents' book for *West Side Story*, where the Puerto Ricans and whites are in conflict, while both remain hostile to the blacks.

In the matter of homosexuality Laurents is breaking through an open door. Among relatively informed people in metropolitan areas, prejudice against homosexuals has long ceased to be virulent. The literatures of science, the arts and biography, if nothing else, have enlightened us: homosexuality is no great social problem except in backward and bigoted environments.

What is disturbing in the play is that, while its characters are "intellectuals," hardly any of them are intelligent. The extreme shock they evince at the friend's desire "openly" to conduct his homosexual life as a permanent resident among them is incredible.

The play is further burdened by an incident which may strike many audiences as special pleading. There is a married man with a covey of children who indulges in sordid homosexual escapades. His wife knows about it, but pretends not to, but she herself has engaged in extramarital sallies. From all this we gather the impression that, since all of us are in one way or another sexually deviant, we ought to be forbearing with one another.

It would seem, too, that for a man of 40 to have a lover of 20 must scandalize his neighbors. Even worse, it is repeatedly suggested that people at the age of 40 lose their bearings—and are in fact on the verge of general deterioration. This may be only one of the jokes with which the play is spiced, so that it might remain, despite the play's serious purpose, "good entertainment." Much of the dialogue is like the vulgarly gaggy repartee which passes the time at parties where people have nothing to say to one another, or, to put it more gravely, in George Eliot's words, "There are circles in which the lack of emotion passes for wit."

The play is well cast and ably staged by the author, and for those reasons it provides effective histrionic moments. Particularly good performances are given by Barton Heyman in the central role, Peg Murray as a roguish "good sport" and prolific mother, and Laurence Hugo as a "campy" doctor liberated through cynicism. □



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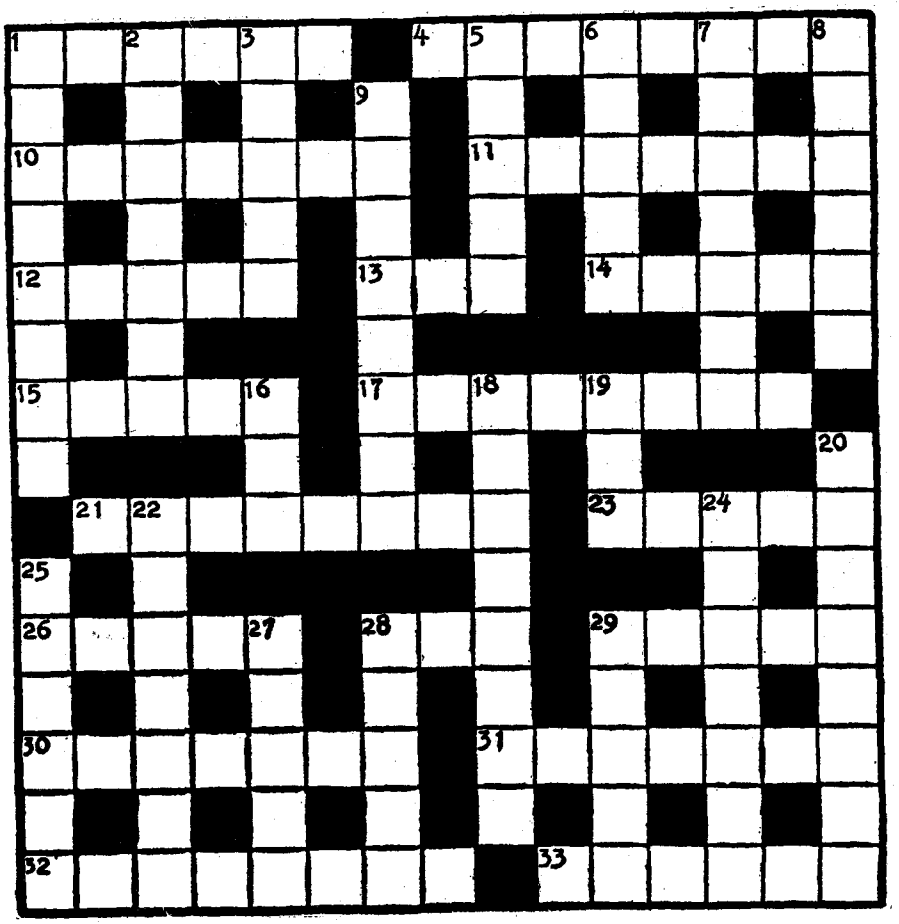
# Crossword Puzzle No. 1515

**FRANK W. LEWIS**



ACROSS

1 and 4 Act like a cat? That's what one gets when one walks over muddy ground. (4,2,4,4)
10 and 18 down Evidently the POW's are watching the show. (7,8)
11 and 15 Don Nixon had one professionally, but lots of married folk have the ordinary kind. (7-2-3)
12 Puts out one version of 28 down. (5)
13 and 23 The cause of Willkie being old or new? (3,5)
14 What your big-mouthed kisser does, in a way, still counts. (5)
15 See 11 across.
17 Go through papers, barely able to make a change. (8)
21 Saw like this, using retreads. (8)
23 See 13 across.
26 You can't make progress without them!
28 Where slippers are not necessarily comfortable. (3)
29 On which the capital of Guadeloupe is founded? (5)
30 One possible reason for lack of inspiration, contributing to great change. (7)
31 The capacity to be relatively happy? (7)
32 and 33 It was reputedly mercury that made the comparison possible. (2,3,2, 1,6)

DOWN

1 Donizetti enhanced her reputation for being a deadly drinking companion. (8,6)
2 Making up Latin applies to marriage.
3 Doesn't include a moist preparation. (5)
5 Ophelia's description of Hamlet's mind was descriptive of any prince. (5)
6 Pastime that doesn't run true to form?
7 Puffs out, in a sense. (7)
8 Bird disease. (6)
9 Possible only if Tom cared to make one of the party. (8)
16 Coming between 23 and 13, it went from 14 to 18 with 19 in front of them. (3)
18 See 10 across.
19 Talk slang? (Samson's enemies didn't find the bone funny.) (3)
20 Outraced the teacher, possibly. (8)
22 By which one hears a murder might be solved. (7)
24 It might cause reaction concerning a common man. (7)
27 Placed where it can be seen, by the sound of it. (5)
28 Short paragraphs from the *Times*, logically. (5)
29 Doting over a movie actor or actress?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1514

ACROSS: 1 Cash on delivery; 9 Portent; 10 Scraper; 11 Tetragons; 12 Adieu; 13 Lissome; 15 Unlatch; 16 Enslave; 18 Suspect; 20 Tempo; 21 Chaparral; 23 Ranches; 24 Abiding; 25 Alfred the Great. DOWN: 1 Capital letters; 2 Sprites; 3 One way or another; 4 Ditto; 5 Lost souls; 6 Variable spacing; 7 Reprint; 8 Brought to light; 14 Exercised; 17 Seminal; 19 Errhine; 22 Abash.


## PUBLICATIONS

Do not cut this rose
Let it live out its day
In this lovely garden
Just stand with me and gaze
As it transforms the light
to bright red

This is the power of its bloom
To mark a high and lasting moment
So vivid that its memory will remain
A reality when its reality
Is long long gone

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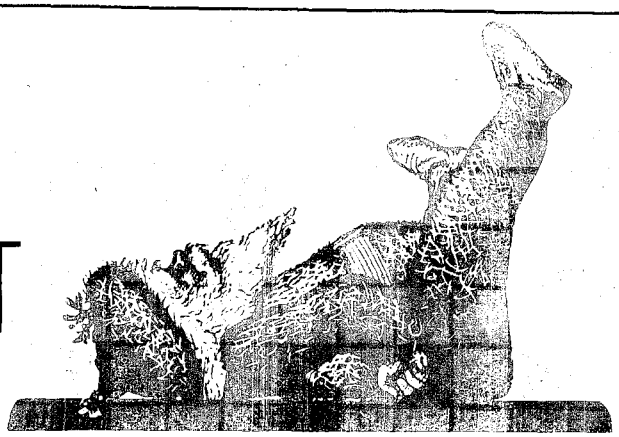

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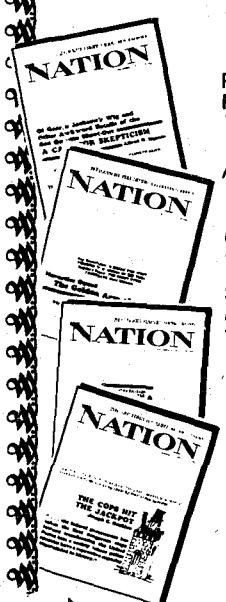


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